TARGET

1938 JANUARY

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TARGET

Published by the Students of
Willard Junior High School
Berkeley, California
January, 1938

DEDICATION

TO MUSIC

To the wild and fierce swing of it
That rings through heart and mind,
To the crystal bell-like ring of it
That to worship calls mankind,
To the gentle soothing rhapsody
That fills our hearts with pain,
To the stirring martial thrill of it
That lingers in our brain
We dedicate this "Target".

To the hopeful cheering surge of it
That spurs us on to fame,
To the all-inspiring urge of it
That makes us try again,
To the bittersweet forgetfulness
That is dreamers' greatest gain,
To all these perfect qualities
That complete life's great refrain
We dedicate our "Target".

—Peggy Hurt.

MUSIC

Music is more than an art. It is an inspiration for living. At the end of a day's hard work, classical music means rest to some. It takes them away from the rumble and noise of the city to a peace that is like a comforting light in the wilderness. Modern music is also satisfying, though only to the busy, modern civilization whose rhythm it follows. In music one can find warmth, peace, and harmony, which really are the things that a man's heart most desires amid the concords and discords of life.

--Fred Ritchie.

HIGH NINE GRADUATES

Jean Alexander
Jane Anderson
Rex Anderson
Julia Baird
Tom Barber
Lenore Bellamy

Raymond Brosie
Clarence Brownlow
David Burg
Cathleen Burt
Marian Cameron
Donald Campbell

Herbert Cantelow
Barbara Chapman
Emerson Chapman
Ernest Colatorti
Naylor Cole
Robert Collins

Alice Cordero
Suzanne Cortes
Edward Coulon
Ellis Day
Barbara Detels
Roger Dougherty

Richard Doyle
Frederick Duhring
Arthur Dunlop
Rolf Ellefson
Shirley Engelhard
Esther Enos

Robert Fee
Lois Findlay
Naoki Fujii
James Gamos
Melvin Gielow
Grace Gillespie

Geraldine Gladwin
Scott Graham
Edna Haggerty
Helen Halloran
Ivan Hawkins
Yoshihiko Hayashida

Ina Henning
Harold Hibbard
Fred Holling
Barbara Holmes
Gloria Jeanne Hope
Edward Howell

Lettie Jayne Huckins
Shigeo Iitomi
David Jamieson
Birte Jensen
Trent Johnston
Mitsuko Kambara

Soeko Kawamoto
Marjorie Kight
Bernal Kirwan
Frank Kruse
Eleanor Lamb
Bob Lamborn

HIGH NINE GRADUATES

Frances Lockwood
Donald Luby
Elva Lynch
Barbara Masterson
Edward Mauch
Kenneth McCready

Dexter McKenzie
Kenneth McLaughlin
Virginia Merchant
Yvonne Michelson
Audrey Monahan
Alfred Montano

Gregory Moon
James Morley
Patricia Morton
James Moulton
Tamako Niwa
Kazumasa Nomura

Wesley O'Neill
Patsy Parlier
Jean Paul
Tim Pearson
Frank Pepper
Arline Powers

Robert Price
Frances Rakestraw
Edmund Richard
Howard Riggs
Fred Ritchie
Peggy Lee Robertson

Leslie Rogers
Mary Rosenkranz
Ingeborg Schleiff
Jane Schomberg
June Setterlund
Lily Soper

Alan Stagner
Tom Stanton
Elizabeth Stewart
Carolyn Stone
Toshio Takano
Peyton Thomas

Bill Thompson
Bobbie Thrall
Patsy Towne
Donald Treadwell
Betty Udall
Robert Van Buskirk

Bill Vincent
Katharine von Adelung
Jack Wallace
Blanche Welch
Gail Wetmore
Stanley Wilson

Peter Wolff
Don Wood
Carol Wright
Chester Yamauchi
Mikio Yoshimine

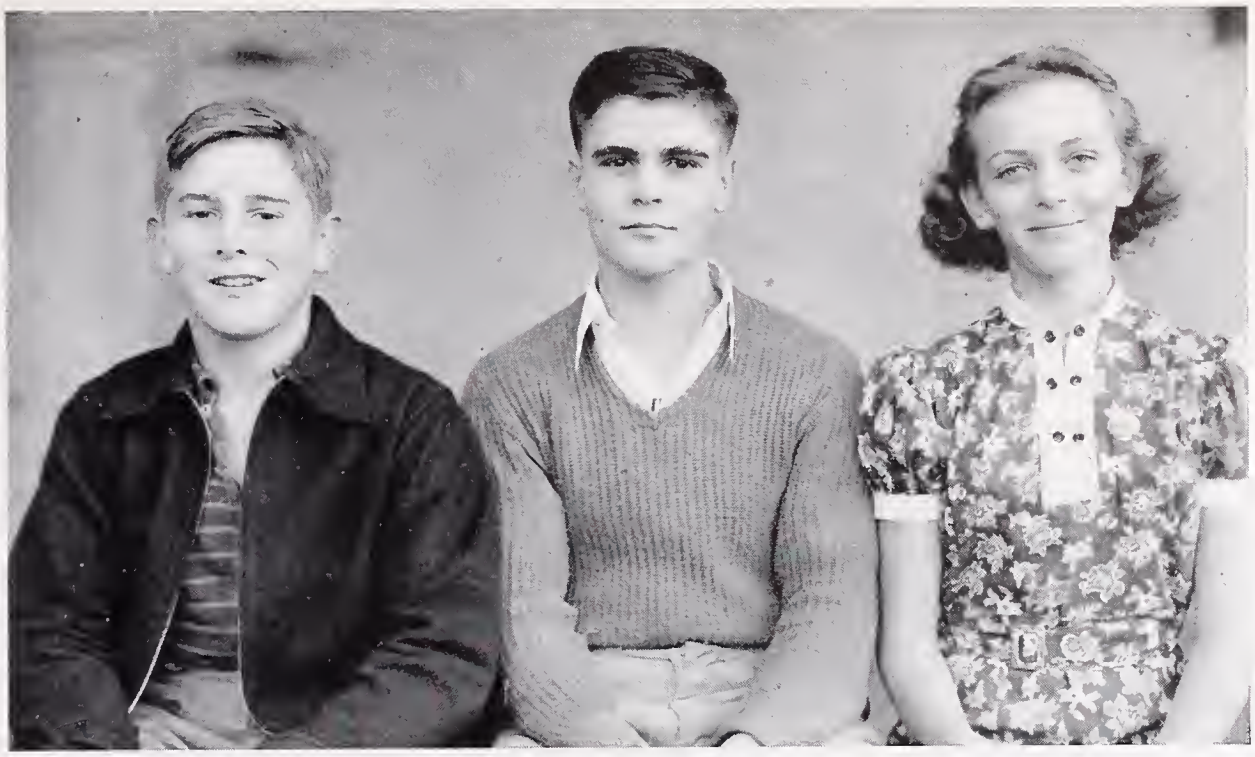
LOW TEN CLASS

LET'S HAVE IT

Buck up! Keep a smile on your face.
A smile can do you no harm.
Buck up! Let everyone know that your heart's in its place.
A smile is a wonderful charm.
If you frown all the day, you will never succeed.
To achieve in the world you must smile.
Cheer up! Come on put a smile on your face,
And I warrant you'll find it worth while.
The world of today will stop for no man.
Keep time with the rank and the file.
Remember that frowns just won't measure up.
Cheer up! Come on let's have a smile!

—Richard Monson.

ORGANIZATIONS



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

WAYNE HOOPER
Secretary

BOB READY
President

MARGARET CONNICK
Vice-President

IN HARMONY

This term at Willard has been a most progressive one. The Student Body Card Campaign was a success, and we reached our quota in the "Target" subscriptions. The Student Council did excellent work in planning and organizing student assemblies and in making the necessary arrangements for Willard's Thanksgiving baskets and Christmas gifts to add to the joy of some of the families of our Willard community. We are indebted in a great measure to this body for the help it gave in organizing the Senate, the legislative department of our Willard Republic, where ideas may originate and take definite and practical form for student life. As you know the Willard Senate is decidedly a representative body as it is composed of as many senators as there are advisories in our school, each advisory sending one senator. It is democratic as well since each senator carries the suggestions from the Senate back to his home room for acceptance or rejection. The Student Council especially devotes its sessions to the consideration of the activities and the problems of school life, and through its presiding officer, the president of the Student Body, it may make recommendations directly to the Senate for the improvement of school conditions.

A generous measure of thanks is due the students and faculty of Willard for their stimulating support throughout the year. If Willard's president for the new year is as well fortified as his predecessor has been by that spirit of harmony and cooperation that has been so evident in our student life throughout the term, our school will surely advance in every way.

—Bob Ready, President.

ON THE ROAD

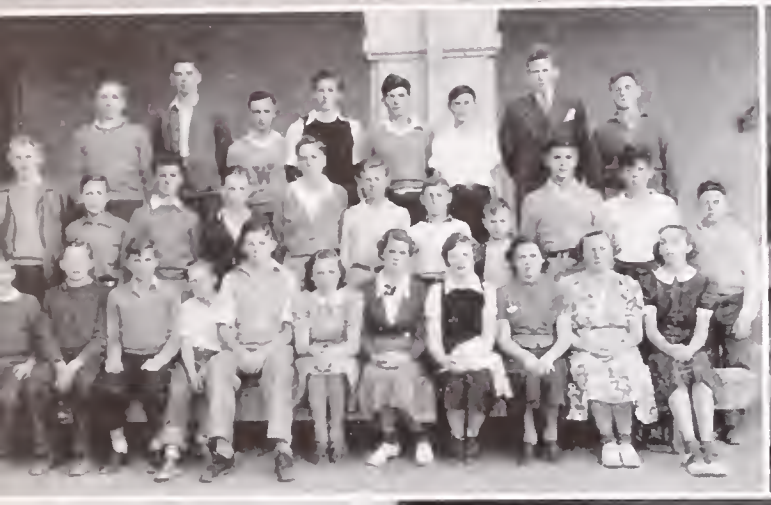
In this modern world today
One must oft repeat and say,
"To harmonize is my design,
Cooperation in every line."

This mode of living does express
A reason for great happiness.
If you can boast of this fine code,
Your life will take the glory road.

—Barbara Chapman.

Junior Traffic Police.
Willard Council.

Student Control Board.
Court Officers.



Willard Senate

TO THE CITIZENS OF WILLARD:

This year, at your request, there have been granted to you greatly increased opportunities for participation in school government. Truly with privileges come responsibilities. I am happy to be able to say that you are measuring up to the standards set for an intelligent, self-governing community. Much has been accomplished, but there is still much to be done. Let us not be satisfied until every Willard pupil is an active participant in the business of good citizenship.

C. K. Hayes, Principal.

THE SENATE

Mr. Hayes organized the Willard Senate this semester as the upper house of the legislative department of student government. It is composed of one senator elected from each of the twenty-eight advisory classes. The advisory classes act as the lower house of the legislative department. Bills may originate in either house and must be signed by the president of the Student Body and the principal of the school before becoming laws.

The vice-president of the Student Body presides over the Senate. Sessions are held once in two weeks during the eighth and ninth periods. Margaret Connick is the presiding officer, Peggy Crane the clerk, Edmund Richard sergeant-at-arms, and Miss Chace the sponsor of this student-governmental body.

This organization gives every pupil in the school an active part in making and revising laws, and such participation has already been successfully started since traffic regulations concerning the quiet zone and upper corridor rulings concerning the boys have already been amended.

The organization of the Senate completes Willard's government plan of a republic with the Senate serving as the legislative department and the Student Council and Student Court as executive and judicial departments. Probably the greatest value attached to this new feature of school life is the added emphasis placed on student responsibility. If students propose laws, they certainly will not want to break them.

Senators: Alvan Altman, Dick Barger, Chip Cheney, Kim Creed, Jean Davies, Esther Enos, Harvey Fielder, Tom Gilsenan, Bob Gimbel, Wayne Hooper, Nola Hansen, Nancy Haven, Fred Holling, Betty Kinsey, Ray Kruschke, Don Luby, Jack McCullough, Howard Mel, Kenneth Mirov, Graham Moody, Eleanor Moore, Jean Paul, Jewel Pendleton, Earlene Proctor, Jerry Senger, George Snell, Barbara Whittingham, Jack Wolfe, Bob Woods.

Council (Advisory Presidents): Bill Barnard, Richard Bartholomew, Phyllis Bliss, Winifred Burnham, Naylor Cole, Bill Cook, Richard Dorst, Clarence Felt, Louis Fischl, John Grady, Peggy Hurt, David Johnson, Ray Kruschke, Elva Lynch, Louis Mertins, Robert Millar, Graham Moody, Jerome Patmont, Bill Paul, Frank Pepper, Paul Richard, Bill Robinson, Bill Rogers, June Setterlund, Raymond Snow, Ned Stroud, Wayne Travis, Ruth Vawter.

Advisory Secretaries: Wesley Bowen, Cathleen Burt, Elizabeth Campbell, Charles Cieloha, Carolyn Clifford, Barbara Creery, Barbara Durkee, Bob Gimbel, Marilyn Gordon, Nancy Haven, Yukiyo Hayashi, Donald Hink, Fred Johnson, Edward Kruse, Betty McCreary, James Morley, Patricia Morton, Barbara Nattinger, Elizabeth Neal, John Pillsbury, Elsie Reimers, Ernie Schauppner, William Silva, Harold Smith, Betty Udall, Bonnie June Willis, Patricia Winder, Louise Yarnell.

WHAT MAKES A SCHOOL?

Can it be in the structure fine and fair?
Is it textbooks so new they're read with care,
Or a lunch room whose food is always a treat,
Or a playground that's large, well kept, and neat
That makes a school?

No!

It's the hearts that are free and happy and clean,
And the smiles that are real and the minds that are keen,
And that cheery hello instead of a frown,
It's the will to succeed and not to go down
That make a school.

—Betty Kinsey.

STUDENT CONTROL

The Student Control has been operating successfully, following in general along the lines developed in previous years. With the inception, however, of our new governing body, the Senate, matters relative to Student Control connection with this new organization have been discussed in a constructive manner, and it is possible, therefore, that after careful deliberation a few changes may be made.

We congratulate our student officers who have carried on so faithfully in controlling traffic and overseeing the cafeteria. They have shown their ability to assume the new duties which have been imposed upon them with the addition of the gymnasium, auditorium, and three bungalows. Their services as part of Willard's self-government are outstanding. Likewise, we commend the fine spirit of cooperation of the Student Body in maintaining a high standard of conduct.

Officers: Frances Allen, Alvan Altman, Rex Anderson, Janet Bagby, Tom Barber, Richard Bartholomew, Audrey Beresford, Dorothy Betaque, Orva Blaine (lieut.), Nelda Bonneau, Harry Boomer, Raymond Brosie, Beverly Bruning (sergt.), Margaret Buckley, Tatiana Buzanoff, Donald Campbell, Herbert Cantelow, Donald Carlson, Barbara Chapman, Chip Cheney, Carolyn Clifford, Naylor Cole, Robert Collins, Shirley Cooke, Edward Coulon (capt.), Martha Crandall, Peggy Crane, Kim Creed, Ellis Day, Richard Doyle, Dick Duhring, Annabella Elkner, Shirley Engelhard, Esther Enos, Robert Fee, Clarence Felt, Helen Fieldbrave, Louis Fischl, Melvin Gielow (chief), Grace Gillespie, Jean Grove, Joy Guenthner, Edna Haggerty, Alvin Hambly, Ina Henning, Jack Hewson, Harold Hibbard, Barbara Holmes, Wayne Hooper, James Hoxie, Trent Johnston, Earl Jones, Mitsuko Kambara, Marjorie Kight, Bernal Kirwan, Ray Kruschke, Hisako Kuroiwa, Delbert Laudel (lieut.), Mary Kathryn Lee, Elva Lynch, Ruth Macdonald, Lois McKay, Virginia Merchant, Yvonne Michelson, Audrey Monahan, Eleanor Moore, Ronald Naess, Maralee Ogle, Harriette O'Shea, Frank Pepper, Betty Platt, Bob Ready (lieut.), Edmund Richard (capt.), Peggy Lee Robertson, Rosalie Roderick, Leslie Rogers, William Rogers, Mary Rosenkranz, Alma Roth, Erna Roth, Ruthelma Rowe (lieut.), Edith Savin (sergt.), Dorothy Sayles, Ernie Schauppner, Tommy Scott, June Setterlund, Irving Short, William Silva, Bill Silver, James Smith, Kathryn Sparrowe, John Sproul, Arthur Starke, Elizabeth Stewart, Bill Thompson (sergt.), Don Treadwell (sergt.), Betty Udall, Ruth Vawter, Harlan Veal, Jack Wallace, Stuart Watterson, Benjamin Weir, Van Williams, Bonnie June Willis, Dorothy Wilson, Jean Wilson, Verna Wilson, Don Wood, Miss Smith (commissioner), Mrs. Hardy (asst. commissioner).

WILLARD COURT

The court is primarily a protection to law-abiding citizens and does its best toward promoting order and discipline during the term. This year much of the responsibility formerly assumed by members of the faculty has been transferred to the clerk of the court, who is a student.

There has been a ten per cent decrease in arrests this semester, which we feel and hope is due to that fine spirit of understanding and cooperation between students and officers of the Student Control that has contributed so extensively to the success of our Willard Republic.

Mrs. Ivelslsy's Court: Jean Alexander (clerk), Jane Anderson (bailiff), Melvin Bacharach (detention clerk), Stanley Behrends (sergt. at arms), Donald Stewart (sergt. at arms), Jack Wolfe (sergt. at arms).

Mr. Harrison's Court: Richard Dorst (detention clerk), Bill Gracey (bailiff), Ruth Grove (clerk), Graham Moody (detention clerk), Frank White (sergt. at arms), Frank Kruse (chief clerk), Dorothy Winder (court typist).

BOYS' TRAFFIC SQUAD

This marks another year's perfect record in safety at Willard. Full credit is given to the Boys' Junior Traffic Patrol for the fine service they have rendered. Daily we find the boys conducting traffic across busy Telegraph Avenue, which fronts our school, ever alert and "Johnnie on the job" to catch violators who endanger our lives.

Besides conducting traffic, the boys are proud to say that they are quickly developing into a "crack drill squad," and several reviews are being planned for the spring. Soon the squad will augment the Boy Scouts in presenting colors on Monday mornings. Foremost, however, among our plans is to continue our service of safety for Willard's boys and girls.

Traffic Patrol: Philip Andruss (2nd sergt.), Pete Annis, Edward August (1st sergt.), James Barley, Wesley Bowen, Sterling Carr (1st sergt.), Orran Coates, Ernest Covington, Andrew Craig (1st sergt.), Theodore Fieldbrave, Charles Holland, Dick Ingram, Willis Le Quatte (1st sergt.), George Moorhead, William Quivers, Dan Redmond (2nd sergt.), Elmer Richberger (sergt. maj.), Robert Rutherford, Walter Senegal, Henry Thomas, David Tolle, Kevin Varanese (1st sergt.), Glenn Weller, Dale Wright, Officer Simpson of the Berkeley Police Force (director), Mr. Christenson (director).

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Willard Junior Red Cross Committee, composed of the vice-presidents of each advisory, finished the fall term with flying colors and $7.17 in the treasury. They paid the semiannual Red Cross dues of $16.00, contributed $5.00 to the new Berkeley Headquarters, made Guam boxes and toys for $10.52, gave $9.34 to the Community Chest, and aided the Parent-Teachers' Association in assembling 29 Thanksgiving baskets for needy Willard families. It is unlikely that finer baskets have ever been sent out. We also owe a vote of thanks to this active group of Willardites for the fine new posters in each advisory and the newsy, informative magazines that found their way to our advisories during the term. It is noticed with pride that three of Willards' students, Fred Beretta, Barbara Dean, and Bill Paul, were especially commended by Miss McLean, the chairman of the Berkeley Junior Red Cross Committee, for the excellent work they did in speaking for the Red Cross during the recent Roll Call. They addressed Civic Clubs and Parent-Teacher Organizations.

Junior Red Cross Committee: Richard Angell, Mary Jane Atkin, Bruce Baird, Tom Barber, Bill Blair, Chip Cheney, Dorothy Cory, Philip Elwood, Bill Grange, Alvin Hambly, Charles Hanger, Warren Kellogg, Betty Kinsey, Madalynne Lindenberg, Stanley Marubayashi, Audrey Monahan, Tom Mulligan, John Oshida, Robert Price, Leslie Rogers, Erna Roth, Dorothy Sayles Betty Schultz, George Snell, Perry Thornton, Frank Wagner, Dorothy Wilson, Marjorie Wood.

TEMPTATION

I'd love to skip two stairs at once
And write in all my books.
I'd love to disregard all rules.
I'd love to, but I don't.

When'er I feel the urge come on,
I quench each idea tragical.
I owe it to the good old school
To plunge in thoughts prob'matical.

—Gail Wetmore.

"TARGET" STAFF

"SCOOP" STAFF

GIRLS' LEAGUE COUNCIL

W.B.A. COUNCIL

GIRLS' LEAGUE

This term has been a pleasant and a successful one for the Girls' League. Babs Du Puy, the president, resigned the first week of school because she was leaving Willard. This promoted the vice-president to the chair. Betty Platt has proved equal to the honor and has made an excellent leader.

The Big Sister Parties have been held as usual. The Low Ten Girls entertained the High Sevens on September 16, the High Nines acted as big sisters to the Low Eights on September 30, the Low Nines and the High Eight Girls had a party on October 31.

In addition to these three parties the girls have been leaders in class parties at which both the boys and girls have been guests of the school. The Low Tens had a dance in the auditorium on the evening of October 21, the High Sevens had a class party on October 28 after school at which the Berkeley Recreation Department planned the fun, the Low and High Nines combined and had a dance in the gym on November 18, and the Low and High Eights had their dance Thursday, December 9.

The one venture to raise money was an Alumni Dance which the Girls' League sponsored on December 10. This affair was very satisfactory. The girls earned twenty dollars. Half of this sum they gave as a Christmas gift to a sick member in the hospital.

Regular semi-monthly council meetings, sponsored by Mrs. Mahoney, have been held on Mondays the 9th period, and a definite constructive program carefully planned and successfully executed has been the result of these sessions. Plans for the next semester are already under way.

Representatives: Barbara Abbott, Audrey Anthe, Phyllis Bliss, Betty Brennan, Suzanne Cortes, Kathryn Cotter, Beatrice Foster, Joyce Freeborn, Nancy Garoutte, Antoinette Hays, Jane Hopkins, Marion Jewell, Phyllis Koplan, Lily Katsu, Cornelia Levis, Yvonne Michelson, Eleanor Moore, Constance Morshead, Nancy Oliver, Mary Jane Pearson, Esther Schmidt, Jean Schneider, Willette Singer, Jeanette Templeton, Mary Ward, Charlotte Weston, Carol Wright.

Alternates: Barbara Andruss, Jeanne Atkinson, Virginia Berg, Jean Davis, Annabella Elkner, Esther Enos, Virginia French, Grace Halstead, Betty Hansen, Hollis Kay, Pauline Hollerson, Ruth Jee, Trent Johnston, Ellen Langley, Jeanne Le Quatte, Georgia Lydiatt, Gladys Mollerup, Maralee Ogle, Janice Pond, Juanita Prevatt, Jean Richards, Vivian Saph, Ingelborg Schleiff, Phyllis Svendsgaard, Doris Jean Werum, Betty Wescott, Maredith Wikkerink.

Officers: Betty Platt (pres.), Vivian Saph (vice-pres.), Jean Grove (sec.),

Senior Council: Joyce Hall, Beverly Haynes, Marion Jewell, Mary Jane Pearson, Jean Schneider, Mrs. Mahoney (sponsor).

W. B. A.

The Willard Boys' Association under the direction of Mr. Baxter sponsored intermural athletics this semester and served as score keepers. It was they that helped to give us such an enjoyable volleyball season. Aside from that, however, since they are in readiness for service at all times, Willard has given them many opportunities to display their efficiency.

Representative Council: Francis Allen, Duane Alton, Harry Boomer, Tommy Boyd, Robert Collins, Gilbert Cross, Robert Curry, Bill Davis, Robert Eadie, Mac Falconer, Louis Franks, David Fulmer (sec.), Edward Howell, Jack Hewson, Tod Judkins, Bob Kenney, Howard Leach, Bill Love, Jack McElheney, Bob Millar, George Potter, Tim Pearson, David Rutledge, Dick Spear, John Sproul (vice-pres.), Jim Stewart, Bill Sutherland, Don Treadwell (pres.), Bill Wright, Dale Wright, Sam Yamamoto.

Senior Scholarship Club.
Junior Scholarship Club.

OUR PATTERN

In youth we set the pattern
For the years that are to come,
And hard we strive to make it
An honest worthy one.

Good sportsmanship and knowledge,
Love, kindness, and grace
Are things we learn at Willard
That we in our pattern lace.

—Ellen Langley.

MEASURING UP

To measure up is our chief desire.
Knowledge must ever glow like a fire
For we have learned that life demands
That on our own feet we firm must stand.

Working is one of the joys of life
Though it may at times be a bitter strife.
We want to drink of knowledge's cup—
Our main objective, to measure up!

—Dick Barger.

SCHOLARSHIP CLUBS

Who does not desire a membership in one of Willard's honor societies? After all the achievement of such an honor is merely a result of effort, and successful effort is in reality a matter of character. Willardites, if you are in tune with your best next semester, the membership in the honor clubs will readily double.

The Senior Scholarship Society is composed of those students who have gained the highest scholastic honors. They have had many hard scales to climb with problems and books to achieve marks ranging from 95 to 100 per cent, but they are now the proud possessors of the gold scholarship pin of honor, which, if gained for three terms, is theirs to keep.

Another group of ambitious scale climbers is the Juinor Scholarship Club, whose records average between 90 and 95 per cent. All its members have received superior scholarship certificates.

Senior Scholarship Club: Rafael Ahlgren, Jean Alexander, Alvan Altman, Maxine Amesbury, Jane Anderson, Rex Anderson, Audrey Beresford, Fred Beretta, Dorothy Betaque, Harry Boomer, Carlos Brown, Tatiana Buzanoff, Elizabeth Campbell, Herbert Cantelow, Robert Carleton, Barbara Chapman, Chip Cheney, Carolyn Clifford, Margaret Connick, Martha Crandall, Richard Dorst, Frederick Duhring, Esther Enos, Bob Gimbel, Jean Grove, Paul Grumland, Helen Halloran, Alvin Hambly, Yukiyo Hayashi, Fred Holling, Barbara Holmes, Ruth Jee, Richard Johnson, Birte Jensen, Tod Judkins, Peter Kilburn, Betty Kinsey, Ray Kruschke, Hisako Kuroiwa, Anna Lea Lloyd, Frances Lockwood, Elizabeth Marshall, Robert Millar, Kenneth Mirov, Ronald Naess, Tamako Niwa, Gyo Obata, Jewel Pendleton, Frank Pepper, Bob Ready, Jean Richards, Howard Riggs, Fred Ritchie, Alma Roth, Dorothy Sayles, Irving Short, Sasha Shulgin, Harold Smith, Audrey Sorensen, John Sproul, Arthur Starke, Dorothy Thomas, Margaret Thomas, Betty Udall, Harlan Veal, Katharine Von Adelung, Maredith Wikkerink, Verna Wilson, Peter Wolff.

Junior Scholarship Club: Barbara Abbott, Muriel Bennett, Margaret Buckley, Cathleen Burt, Ruth Caine, Elsie Carter, David Cole, Gordon Cooke, Shirley Cooke, Kim Creed, Robert Curry, Constant Davis, Richard Doyle, Faith Droitcour, Barbara Durkee, Lowell Dygert, Jean Elliott, Shirley Engelhard, David Fulmer, Harry Gester, Ruth Grove, Eloise Gunther, Charles Hanger, Sally Howard, Leonard Hughes, Peggy Hurt, Jeannette Jones, Bob Kenney, Margaret Killam, Frank Kruse, Roy Marubayashi, Virginia Merchant, Graham Moody, Eleonor Moore, Dorothy Munson, Craig Murchison, Maralee Ogle, Peter Olson, John Oshida, Lucia Peniston, Robert Price, Isabel Rasmussen, Mary Roberts, Leslie Rogers, Gladys Rouse, Helen Rowland, Robert Rutherford, Zadell Schauer, Esther Schmidt, Bill Silver, George Snell, Raymond Snow, Orvo Soininen, Dick Spear, Tom Stanton, Donald Stewart, Donald Stone, Ned Stroud, Patricia Talbot, Bill Thompson, André Tournier, Donald Waldie, Don Wellington, Bob Woods, Norman Wykoff.

GIRL RESERVES

A variety of features as usual varied the program of Willard's Girl Reserves this semester: a colorful dinner for parents and members around a gypsy campfire followed by a recognition service, picnics and hikes, working on crafts both leather and wood, making favors for "shut-ins" and their own parties, providing holiday baskets and gifts for the needy, and participation in discussions led by outstanding citizens of the community. The season's activities were concluded with the annual Christmas family party for the Girl Reserves of Berkeley and their parents with skits and favors and features fanciful for which the groups had been energetically working for several weeks. Mrs. Allen is the sponsor for the Girl Reserves of Willard.

Lokitru (L8): Georgiana Allen, Mary Anne Armstrong, Virginia Berg, Isabel Blythe, Kathleen Blythe, Med Callaway, Betty Hansen, Nancy Johnson, Peggy Nickell, Helen Rowland, Marianne Semer, Suzanne Semer, Lucille Smith, Audrey Sorensen, Jane Wilson.

La Felices (H8): Winifred Burnham, Carol Davis, Ellen De Journette, Yukiyo Hayashi, Sally Howard, Needie Jackson, Harriet Johnson, Helen Scott, Charlotte Weston, Dorothy Wilson.

Manzanita (L9): Paul Beekman, Jean Berry, Patsy Compton, Elaine Detels, Jean Elliott, Pauline Galliett, Evelyn Haines, Phyllis Koplan, Jeanne Le Quatte, Betty Lindsey, Dorothy Patmont, Georgia Schneider, Kathryn Sparrowe, Pearl Tollakson, Betty Wescott.

Cuori Apperti (H9): Jean Alexander, Jane Anderson, Grace Gillespie, Barbara Holmes, Frances Lockwood, Elva Lynch, Pat Morton, Peggy Lee Robertson, June Setterlund, Elizabeth Stewart, Betty Udall, Katharine von Adelung.

BOY SCOUTS, TROOP 33

The regular Friday night meetings of Troop 33 were devoted to the usual sports, drills, crafts, tests, and planning for the many good times the boys have had on the season's hikes and camping trips. Some of the boys attended the winter camps in the Sierras. On December 20th a Court of Honor was held. At that time the patrols led by Gordon Cooke and Howard Dekker were awarded prizes in the point contest. The program for the evening was a full one. Besides the hobby exhibit, in which the boys took a keen interest, there was a gay Christmas tree, a program of skits, refreshments, and a visit from Old St. Nick with presents for all. A new patrol has recently been organized under the leadership of Paul Grunland, making a total of four patrols for Willard. Clarence Felt is now Senior Patrol Leader, Gerald Hicks is Staff Adviser, and Bernal Kirwan the Scribe.

Troop 33: Stanley Behrends, Eugene Boehrer, Bob Burns, Sylvester Clark, Gordon Cooke, Howard Dekker, Clarence Felt, Ted Fieldbrave, Douglas Fitzgerald, Dick Gore, Bob Grange, Paul Grunland, Bob Heebner, Gerald Hicks, Bernal Kirwan, Norman Lippert, Orvo Soininen, Wayne Travis, Mr. Allen Coughlin (Scout Master).

FOR SPEED

A pleasant smile, a willing word
Will speed us on our way
To gratifying service
In the things we do each day.

Our tasks will all seem easier
And lighter all the while
If we will just cooperate
And do it with a smile.

—Frances Lockwood.

THE WILLARD "SCOOP"

Under the able leadership of Irving Short, the "Scoop" has taken on more life and enthusiasm. Mrs. Mahoney says never so long as she had been the sponsor has an editor really taken as much responsibility for the paper. The results have been gratifying. All members of the staff have been ready and willing. Particular praise must be given to James Burnett, the art editor. James has been most cooperative, his work has been excellent, and his prompt attention to his assignments exceptional. Martha Crandall has done outstanding work in gathering the news. Carlos Brown and John Richardson have made some excellent cartoons, and Arthur Starke has written good editorials. Helen Scott has been an active and willing member of the staff although her name has not often appeared. Credit must also be given to John Mountford and Ivan Hawkins for their assistance in helping to print and assemble the paper. Both of these boys gave willingly several periods of their study each time the "Scoop" was run off.

Willard students are most appreciative of the efforts of the staff and their guide, Mrs. Mahoney, and eagerly await the appearance of each new issue ready to devour its contents as soon as it comes within their reach.

"Scoop" Staff: Irving Short (editor-in-chief), Phyllis Bliss (assistant editor), Ned Stroud (business manager), Barbara Durkee (girls' sports), Ernie Schauppner (boys' sports), Ann Cunningham (society editor), Arthur Starke (literary editor), Martha Crandall (news editor), Tod Judkins (joke editor), James Burnett (art editor), Carlos Brown, John Richardson (cartoonists), Bud Minor, Helen Scott, Charles Hanger, Duane Alton, Willie Iaconetti, Richard Wrinkle (reporters).

Mrs. Mahoney (faculty sponsor), Miss Blumert (art advisor).

WILLARD PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The interesting schedule of programs of Willard's P.T.A. has afforded parents and teachers alike many opportunities to meet throughout the term. Regard for our welfare and happiness has been the motif of all these meetings.

To the delight of all of us they gave twenty-five dollars to the library, which helped to buy some of the lovely new books that have recently appeared on the shelves. Ten dollars was given for the Girl Reserves and five dollars to our Willard Boy Scout Troop. They also give ten dollars every month for student aid.

They were the judges at our Willard Hobby Show, which was such a grand success. They took charge of necessary purchases for Willard's twenty-nine Thanksgiving baskets, arranging them and assisting in their delivery. They also contributed toward the Christmas baskets and saw that they reached their destination in time for the season's merrymaking.

Everyone will agree that they have been ever alert for Willard and its needs, and we sincerely thank them for their wonderful cooperation and the generous contributions they have made for our benefit.

The officers of Willard's P.T.A. are Mrs. Marshall Sayles (pres.), Mrs. J. A. Smith (1st vice-pres.), Mrs. F. F. Janney (2nd vice-pres.), Mrs. C. Schmidt (rec. sec.), Mrs. L. A. Mattes (cor. sec.), Mrs. L. C. Moore (fin. sec.), Mrs. J. M. Rasmussen (treas.), Mrs. R. Abbott (audt.), Mrs. L. R. Fulmer (hist.), Mrs. E. W. Lockwood (parlmt.), Mr. A. C. Baxter (teach. rep.).

PITTER-PATTER

Pittering, pattering goes the rain
Softly tapping against my pane.
Wind while whistling shrilly 'round
Is driving sleet along the ground.

Inside around the crackling fire,
Warmth and comfort thoughts inspire
That everything's a symphony,
And all the world's in harmony.

—Ellen Langley.

LIBRARY CLUB
SERVICE CLUB
STAMP CLUB

L9 GIRL RESERVES (Manzanita)
H9 GIRL RESERVES (Cuori Apperti)
SLIDE RULE CLUB

LIBRARY CLUB

A few of the boys and girls who enjoy library work have been chosen by Miss Fisher to aid her in the library. These assistants help in various ways: placing and locating books, stamping library slips, and checking out books. Each girl or boy has one period a week scheduled for library service.

This arrangement has been mutually beneficial. Miss Fischer has had a greater opportunity for the personal guidance of those in the library seeking her assistance, and the members of the club have learned much about the orderly procedure required to successfully conduct a library aside from the personal benefits derived from student contacts and a very close contact with many good books.

Assistants: Barbara Andruss, Tom Barber, Dick Barger, Fred Beretta, Virginia Berg, Gilbert Cross, Barbara Dean, Kenneth Erway, Julian Kelly, Anna Lea Lloyd, Audrey Monahan, Peggy Nickell, Jean Reynolds, Peggy Richman, Leslie Rogers, Mary Ruth Smith, Ruth Vawter, Doris Jean Werum, Bonnie June Willis, Jane Wilson, Sam Yamamoto.

SERVICE CLUB

The Service Club has spent a busy semester doing the necessary typing for Willard School. The High 8's did all the copying that was to be done, including report cards for about twenty teachers. The Low 10's did all the work on the stencils for the "Scoop". Among other things they typed several songs for Mrs. Allen and ran them off on the mimeograph. Some of the latest work done by the Service Club was to run off 1000 copies of the new school song and to type "Target" copy in preparation for the printer. The efficient nature of its work has placed the club's services in constant demand, and Willard sincerely appreciates the generous response in time and effort to the many calls made upon it.

Members: Maxine Amesbury, Margaret Ballard, Barbara Baxter, Florence Carleton, Beatrice Foster, Tom Gilsenan, Jane Harter, Yukiyo Hayashi, Beverly Haynes, Louise Hewitt, Barbara Hodges, Jeanne Le Quatte, Betty Lerch, Doris Plant, Gloria Shallat, Opal Silvers, Patricia Talbot, Frances Wallace, Dorothy Winder, Mrs. Bast (sponsor).

WILLARD STAMP CLUB

The Willard Stamp Club met throughout the term under the direction of Mrs. Colmore to discuss stamps old and new, their topography, and the history of the country to which they belong. The different occasions which gave rise to the issue of special commemorative stamps were also taken into consideration.

A brilliant display of stamps was entered in Willard's recent Hobby Show. The exhibit drew much attention from the onlookers. Next season the club is planning to have representatives of various philatelic societies of Berkeley, Oakland, and San Francisco speak to its members to inspire them to add to their stamp collections and increase their knowledge of stamps and related subjects.

Members: Carlos Brown, Eunice De Bogosian, Tom Gilsenan, James Haynes, Donald Hink, Ray Kruschke, Bill Morton, Janice Pond, Lloyd Strehl, Henry Thomas, Joyce Trosin, Bill Trueblood, Agnes Watson, Duncan Williams, Burgess Woodward, Dale Wright.

JUNIOR BIRDMEN

This term a group of Willardites had the pleasure of receiving a beautifully colored Junior Birdmen of America Charter bearing their names as members of Flight Squadron Number 528. This national organization, Junior Birdmen of America, aims to encourage and direct into useful constructive channels the interest in aviation so widespread among American youth of today. It does not teach the youth actually to fly. Rather, it correlates the work and play of thousands of young Americans who have chosen model airplane building as an activity. Aerodynamics is a science, and in this members of the Junior Birdmen of America direct their thoughts, encouraged by a playtime, an instructive and enjoyable program of contests, inculcating in all members the highest ideals of citizenship and patriotism. A wholesome association in squadron groups under competent leadership stimulates real enjoyment as Willard's Flight Squadron Number 528 led by Mr. Taylor can testify. One of its members, Clarence Felt, won the first grand sweepstake's prize at Willard's recent hobby show for his model airplanes.

Birdmen: Stanley Behrends, Robert Fee, Clarence Felt, Naoki Fujii, Nick Golovkin, Jim Gamos, Dick Gilmore, Delbert Laudel, Gerald Hicks, Orvo Soininen.

SLIDE RULE CLUB

Membership in the Slide Rule Club is open to upper division students interested in gaining a knowledge of the value and application of the slide rule. This "gadget" for shortcutting mathematical routes has proved a great source of interest, and many of the boys are now having the fun of using it in the development of their hobbies, such as photography, model airplane construction, and the building of miniature railroads.

Members: Billy Barker, Lyman Davis (sec.), Alvin Hambly, Ray Kruschke, Frank Kruse, Kenneth McCready, Kenneth McLaughlin, James Morley, Bob Patterson, Mr. Harrison (pres.).

WILLARD ON THE AIR

Yes, Willard has been on the air in two of the "Safety Musketeer" programs, under the leadership of Miss B. Mayne. Several of our Willardites have had the opportunity to distinguish themselves by broadcasting over Station KRE. Ninth periods you probably have heard everything from meows to screams emerging from Miss Mayne's classroom where these pupils rehearsed. The plays given were "Caesar Was to Blame" and "When You Play, Play Safe". The cast in the first included Wesley Bowen, Patti Lou Crumme, Ann Cunningham, Betty Kinsey, Bill Robinson, Harold Smith, and Van Williams. It was given on November 2nd. The actors in the second were Wesley Bowen, Bill Love, Betty Lyser, Kenneth Mirov, Harold Smith, and Bob Woods. It was broadcasted on November 30th. The plays produced were safety plays written by the United States Department of the Interior Office of Education. The purpose of these plays was to make children think of safety.

Willard's own program was featured over KRE on December 9th. At that time the "Senate Skit" was given to announce in dramatic form that Willard has a new organization as part of its Student Body Government. The cast included the following members of the Senate: Alvan Altman, Dick Barger, Chip Cheney, Margaret Connick, Peggy Crane, Tom Gilsenan, Nola Hansen, Betty Kinsey, Jack McCullough, Jean Paul, Edmund Richard, Barbara Whittingham, Bob Woods, and Bob Ready (president of the Student Body).

The program also included remarks by Principal C. K. Hayes, piano solos by Betty Platt and Marjorie Wood, trombone solos by David Fulmer, and violin solos by Bruce Salomon.

Willard's excellent work has been greatly appreciated by the students and radio audience in general, who anticipate with pleasure a continuation of the work next semester.

Willard's Radio Performers: Mary Arpin, Wesley Bowen, Don Carlson, Patti Lou Crummie, Jacklyn Cummings, Ann Cunningham, Louis Fischl, John Grosh, Guyla Hewitt, Bill Love, Betty Lyser, Evelyn McClure, Kenneth Mirov, Bill Robinson, Harold Smith, Walter St. John, Ned Stroud, Prentice Wharff, Van Williams, Jean Wilson, Bob Woods, Miss B. Mayne (leader).

SPRING'S HARMONY

The almond trees are blooming.
The pink petals cover the ground.
Above us the birds are singing.
There's harmony in color and sound.

—Joyce Freeborn.

MUSIC

Since the reopening on November 10th of our reconstructed auditorium we have had the pleasure of hearing all of Willard's music organizations on programs given here. During the year they were busy perfecting their selections for their annual concert. The excellence of their work throughout the season seemed to warrant two programs, and they were divided into two groups for the occasions. On the evening of December 2nd, the Orchestra, the Boys' Glee Club, the Low Ten Choral, and the Willard String Quartette, composed of James Boyer, Bruce Salomon, Sasha Shulgin, and Mr. Salisbury, rendered the program under the direction of Mrs. Kellogg and Mr. Salisbury. On January 13th the Senior Girls' Glee Club, the Junior Girls' Glee, the Band, and the Brass Quartette, including Rex Anderson, Kathryn Coffin, David Fulmer, and Jack Wallace, furnished the program with Mrs. Allen and Mr. Salisbury as leaders. Bob Ready, president of Willard Student Body, served as master of ceremonies for the first concert, and Margaret Connick, vice-president of the Student Body, officiated for the second concert. On either evening the selections rendered were varied and gave evidence of diligent training under excellent guidance. Each program readily warranted the hearty applause given by the appreciative auditors.

On several occasions our musical organizations have contributed to the pleasure of Berkeley Schools other than our own. They have also featured at some of our city's public gatherings, on the programs of our own Willard P.T.A., and at our assemblies throughout the year. As a climax of its year's work the High Nine Choral, directed by Mrs. Allen, honored Willard by singing several selections at their graduation. The Orchestra also contributed to the pleasure of this final event of the term.

High Nine Choral: Jean Alexander, Jane Anderson, Tom Barber, Lenore Bellamy, David Burg, Cathleen Burt, Marian Cameron, Donald Campbell, Herbert Cantelow, Barbara Chapman, Robert Collins, Alice Cordero, Ellis Day, Shirley Engelhard, Esther Enos, Lois Findlay, Naoki Fujii, Grace Gillespie, Geraldine Gladwin, Scott Graham, Edna Haggerty, Helen Halloran, Yoshi Hayashida, Harold Hibbard, Barbara Holmes, Lettie Huckins, Shigeo Iitomi, Birte Jensen, Trent Johnston, Mitsuko Kambara, Marjorie Kight, Bob Lamborn, Frances Lockwood, Elva Lynch, Barbara Masterson, Edward Mauch, Virginia Merchant, Yvonne Michelson, Audrey Monahan, Patricia Morton, Tamako Niwa, Patsy Parlier, Jean Paul, Tim Pearson, Frank Pepper, Frances Rakestraw, Edmund Richard, Howard Riggs, Fred Ritchie, Peggy Robertson, Leslie Rogers, Mary Rosenkranz, Ingeborg Schleiff, June Setterlund, Elizabeth Stewart, Donald Treadwell, Bobbie Thrall, Betty Udall, Robert Van Buskirk, Gail Wetmore, Peter Wolff, Carol Wright, Mrs. Allen (director).

Low Ten Choral: Dan Alden, Francis Allen, Barbara Andruss, Dick Barger, Barbara Beedle, Fred Beretta, Dorothy Betaque, Ruth Black, Orva Blaine, George Blevins, Phyllis Bliss, Betty Brown, Bob Bruen, Beverly Bruning, Margaret Buckley, Bob Burns, Eunice De Bogosian, Dorothy Dodge, Annabelle Duthie, Barbara Erickson, Jack Erro, Barbara Fagan, Helen Fieldbrave, Virginia Fratzke, Bruce Gillespie, Ed Gilman, Marilyn Gordon, Bill Grange, Ruth Grove, Joy Guenthner, James Hahn, Joyce Hall, Grace Halstead, Ruth Haymes, Beverly Haynes, Antoinette Hays, Pat Heaslett, Dorothy Hensley, James Hoxie, Peggy Hurt, Betty Jensen, Marion Jewell, Bettie Karsten, Bob Kenney, Betty Kinsey, Ed Knudsen, Marian Krutz, Ellen Langley, Anna Lea Lloyd, Marian Lott, Bill Lowe, Norma Lowry, Leon Marsh, Ed McCreary, Howard Miller, Margaret Mugglestone, Veronica Neal, Barbara Ohnemuller, Harriette O'Shea, Betty Rickards, Rosalie Roderick, Erna Roth, Gladys Rouse, Ruthelma Rowe, Edith Savin, Jane Schomberg, Margaret Shepherd, Opal Silvers, Mary Ruth Smith, Delmer Sparrowe, Kenneth Terkildsen, Bruce Tillman, Margaret Van Boven, Kevin Varanese, Ruth Vawter, Barbara Wittingham, Bonnie Jane Willis, Dorothy Wilson, Mrs. Kellogg (director).

GIRLS' SENIOR GLEE CLUB

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

LOW TEN CHORAL

GIRLS' JUNIOR GLEE CLUB

HIGH NINE CHORAL

HARMONIC FANTASY

In all the world there's bound to be
Discord, joy, and harmony.
If men would work in symphony,
We all would prosper infinitely.
The world in unison would seem,
A long anticipated dream.

The Dove of Peace would proudly beam
If men toward love would gladly lean.
If everyone would join the throng
And think of life as one sweet song,
Right would o'erpower hate and wrong,
And happiness to all belong.

—Rex Anderson

GLEE CLUBS

Girls' Senior Glee: Barbara Abbott, Jean Alexander, Jane Anderson, Barbara Andruss, Paula Beekman, Jean Berry, Dorothy Betaque (sec.), Orva Blaine, Phyllis Bliss, Betty Brown, Beverly Bruning, Cathleen Burt, Barbara Chapman, Margaret Connick, Martha Crandall, Peggy Crane, Ann Cunningham, Dorothy Dodge, Barbara Durkee, Annabelle Duthie, Shirley Engelhard, Barbara Erickson, Helen Fieldbrave, Marilyn Gordon (pres.), Ruth Grove, Edna Haggerty, Evelyn Haines, Helen Halloran, Beverly Haynes, Patsy Heaslett, Barbara Holmes, Peggy Hurt (announcer), Betty Jensen, Birte Jensen, Trent Johnston, Betty Kinsey, Ellen Langley, Madalynne Lindenberg, Anna Lea Lloyd, Frances Lockwood, Norma Lowry, Elva Lynch (librarian), Barbara Masterson, Yvonne Michelson, Audrey Monahan, Pat Morton, Veronica Neal, Harriette O'Shea, Jean Paul, Frances Rakestraw, Peggy Lee Robertson, Erna Roth, Ruthelma Rowe, Edith Savin, Jean Schneider, June Setterlund, Margaret Shephard, Elizabeth Stewart, Betty Udall, Margaret Van Boven, Frances Wallace, Dorothy Wilson, Verna Wilson, Dorothy Winder, Mrs. Allen (director).

Girls' Junior Glee: Mary Arpin, Jeanne Atkinson, Audrey Beresford, Nelda Bonneau, Bernice Bowersmith, Winifred Burnham, Florence Carleton, Elsie Carter, Kathryn Cotter, Carolyn Clifford, Jean Coleston, Patsy Compton, Patti Lou Crumme (pres.), Jacklyn Cummings, Carol Davis, Faith Droitcour, Ellen De Journette, Annabella Elkner, Jean Elliott, Esther Enos, Allison Fairey, Virginia Fratzke, Grace Gillespie (announcer), Geraldine Gladwin, Joyce Hall, Ruth Haymes, Evelyn Hanson, Jane Harter, Guyla Hewitt, Marian Krutz, June Lamb, Betty Lindsey, Marian Lott, Betty Lyser, Joan Maslin, Evelyn Massoni, June McCarty, Evelyn McClure, Eleanor Moore, Betty Mountford, Margaret Mugglestone, Barbara Newman, Maralee Ogle, Patsy Parlier, Betty Rickards, Rosalie Roderick, Mary Rosenkranz, Gladys Rouse, Alma Roth, Vivian Saph, Ingeborg Schleiff, Lillian Sholin, Mary Ruth Smith, Carol Sutcliffe (sec.), Phyllis Svendsgaard, Coris Thaxter, Barbara Van Housen, Dorothy Wilcox, Bonnie June Willis, Mrs. Allen (director).

Boys' Glee: Francis Allen, Alvan Altman, Duane Alton, Billy Barker, Bill Barnard, Richard Bartholomew, Mark Bates, Lester Berriman (announcer), George Blevins, Tommy Boyd, Bob Brewer, Carlos Brown, Donald Campbell, Herbert Cantelow, Donald Carlson, Sterling Carr, Quentin Casebolt, Sylvester Clark, Sumner Clayton, Bob Cutter, Bill Davis, Constant Davis, Howard Dekker, Loy Dickinson, Richard Dorst, Lowell Dygert, Kenneth Erway, Theodore Fieldbrave, Harvey Fielder, Louis Fischl, Harry Gester, Robert Gilhart, Bruce Gillespie, Ed Gilman (librarian), Henry Grady, John Grady, Bill Grange, John Grosh, Charles Hanger, James Haynes, Donald Hink, John Howlett, James Hoxie, Leonard Hughes, Karlton Kennedy, Seldon King, Ed Knudsen, Ray Kruschke, Delbert Laudel, Glenn Lyons, Donald MacLean, Bill March, Ed McCreary, Jack McMorran, Howard Miller, Fred Moreton, Bill Morton, Ronald Naess, Ted Pollock, Bob Ready, Fred Ritchie, Bill Robinson, Leslie Rogers, William Rogers, Bob Sahlin, Jim Scott, Irving Short, Harold Simcox, Harold Smith, Delmer Sparrowe, Dick Spear, Arthur Starke, Lloyd Strehl, Ned Stroud, Kenneth Terkildsen (president), Junior Tesar, Perry Thornton, Don Tocher, Don Tredwell, Bill Trueblood, Robert Van Buskirk, Kevin Varanese, Harlan Veal, Stuart Watterson, Benjamin Weir, Frank White, Van Williams, Jack Wolfe, Bob Woods, Mrs. Kellogg (director).

THE KEYNOTE

Wake up with a smile and say,
"What a lovely, lovely day!
Yes, I must try by true endeavor
To make it just the best day ever."

—Birte Jensen.

Willard Orchestra—Willard Band.

THE MASTER

The master humbly stands before his tools of men and instruments.
The symphony of sound that he evokes
Compels respect or else betrays
The beauty of the music played.
Too late to change the score, its tune is set.
With guiding stick the changing moods are met.

Man stands before his tools of faith and opportunity.
The symphony of life that is evoked
Compels respect or else betrays
The fineness of the man he plays.
Too late to change his part, his path is set.
With his director's zeal life's changing needs are met.

—Phyllis Bliss.

THE CONDUCTORS

A symphony, it seems to me,
Is life as we would have it be,
No discord as it moves along
In sweet cadence of rhythmic song.

Our own conductors we must be
And strive to live in harmony.
In even tempo and in key
We should play life's symphony.
—Margaret Mugglestone.

ORCHESTRA

Robert Allen, Elinor Anderson, Rex Anderson, Mary Ann Baugh, Jo Ann Buckley, Tatiana Buzanoff, Chip Cheney, Catherine Coffin, David Cole, Naylor Cole, Barbara Creery, Robert Cummings, Bob Doolittle, Richard Doyle, Dick Duhring, William Ellis, Melvin Fields, Beatrice Foster, Lucille Fowler, David Fulmer, Jim Gamos, Melvin Gielow, Alvin Hambly, Ina Henning, Winnie Mae Honnold, Lorraine Howells, Hans Jensen, Jeannette Jones, Kenneth Jones, John Knight, John Kondeff, Howard Leach, Bill Love, Jean Mallory, Howard Mel, Virginia Merchant, Bud Minor, Barbara Nattinger, Elizabeth Neal, Ervin Neilson, Billy Nelson, Dorothy Patmont, Betty Platt, Robert Price, Isabel Rasmussen, Hugh Renfro, Edmund Richard, Hal Rutledge, Dorothy Sayles, Betty Schultz, Sasha Shulgin, Ailene Smith, Frances Steiner, Bill Sutherland, Henry Tominaga, Richard Tucker, Jack Wallace, Barbara Watterson, Bill Werum, Prentice Wharff, Bob Wheeler, Don Wood, Marjorie Wood, Burgess Woodward, Richard Wrinkle, Mr. Salisbury (director).

BAND

Norman Allen, Robert Allen, Rex Anderson, Philip Andruss, Dick Barger, Fred Beretta, Worth Bishop, Bill Blair, Eugene Boehrer, Harry Boomer, Roy Burnett, Chip Cheney, Catherine Coffin, William Cook, Edward Coulon, Bill Crittenden, Robert Cummings, Ellis Day, Bob Doolittle, Robin Doughty, Dick Duhring, William Ellis, Philip Elwood, Don Ingalls, Clarence Felt, David Fulmer, Jim Gamos, Marjorie Gerke, Melvin Gielow, Dick Gilmore, Roger Gilmore, Richard Gore, Alvin Hambly, Harold Hibbard, Wayne Hooper, Kenneth Jones, Ralph Kennedy, Victor Kierman, John Knight, Edward Kruse, Norman Lippert, Paul Lindblom, Bill Love, Norman Miller, Bud Minor, Graham Moody, Leland Moore, Craig Murchison, Timothy Pearson, Robert Price, Russell Rawson, Van Reimer, Rita Richberger, Robert Rutherford, David Rutledge, Hal Rutledge, Jack Sather, Ernie Schauppner, Dick Seymour, Sasha Shulgin, Donald Slaiter, Marvin Smith, George Snell, Raymond Snow, Alan Stagner, Tom Stanton, Ben Taylor, Cyril Taylor, Billy Trudeau, Ted Valentiner, Jack Wallace, Bob Wann, Prentice Wharff, John Wiskocil, Burgess Woodward, Richard Wrinkle, Norman Wykoff, Mr. Salisbury (director).

SWEET CONCORD

The murmur of the pines
Beside a crystal pool,
The trilling of a bird song
While the day is cool,

Broad tones of golden sunlight
Splashing here and there
With happy sounds of laughter
From children everywhere,

Deep distant notes of thunder,
Soft breezes o'er the sea,
Faint music of the raindrops—
It's a perfect symphony.

—Mary Ruth Smith.

L9 Volleyball Team.

L10 Volleyball Team.

H8 Volleyball Team.

Tennis Team.

H9 Volleyball Team.

No. 214—Upper Division Volleyball Champions.

No. 204—Lower Division Volleyball Champions.

BOYS' VOLLEYBALL

A fine spirit of sportsmanship and cooperation was shown in both the upper and lower division advisory tilts. Many a valiant battle was fought, but victory finally smiled on the Low Tens of No. 214 and the High Eights of No. 204. Four varsity teams were organized, picked groups of High Eights, Low Nines, High Nines, and Low Tens after a series of spirited interclass combats. Garfield was met, but we met our "Waterloo". The score was in our opponent's favor.

ADVISORY CHAMPIONS

H8 No. 204 (Lower Division): Rafael Ahlgren, Alvan Altman, Philip Andruss, Melvin Bacharach, Richard Bartholemew, Mark Bates, Stanley Behrends, Worth Bishop, Harry Boomer, Robert Brewer, Robert Carleton, Sterling Carr, Quentin Casebolt.

L10 No. 214 (Upper Division): Lyman Davis, Don Dewey, Robert Eadie, Sherry Edwards, Clarence Felt, Bud Gilhart, Tom Gilsenan, Bill Gracey, Bill Grange, Bill Harrison.

VARSITY TEAMS

H8: Andrew Craig, Bob DuBuque, David Fulmer, Robert Gilhart, Alvin Hambly, Wayne Hooper, John Howlett, Seldon King, Robert Millar, Franz Muller, Ronald Naess, John Oshida, Kenneth Parkhurst, Jack Sather, Raymond Snow.

L9: Bill Barnard, Carlos Brown, Kim Creed, Charles Hanger, Don Ingalls, Stanley Jorgenson, Raymond Keyes, Edward Kruse, Bill Long, Bill Love, Glenn Lyons, Edward Martin, Roy Marubayashi, Joe Massucco, Louis Mertins, Kenneth Mirov, John Richardson, Hal Rutledge, Ernie Schauppner, John Sebastian, Harold Smith, Ned Stroud, Perry Thornton, Bob Woods.

H9: Raymond Brosie, Clarence Brownlow, Emerson Chapman, Ernest Colatorti, Edward Coulon, Dick Duhring, Jim Gamos, Melvin Gielow, Shigero Iitomi, Alfred Montano, Robert Price, Stanley Wilson.

L10: Richard Angell, Jack Bates, Dave Cox, Bud Gilhart, Tom Gilsenan, Edward McCreary, Jack McElheney, Bud Minor, John Monday, Bob Ready, Bruce Tillman, Kevin Varanese.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Basketball was given a great reception this season, short though it was, and two fine teams, the Unlimiteds and the 115's, were ready to meet all challengers and stack up the victories.

Thirteen advisories entered the Noon Basketball League, a new feature of Willard's athletic program. They were 104, 108, 109, 110, 111, 114, 205, 206, 211, 212, 214, 215, and 216. They had a game in the gymnasium every noon four days a week. The games were filled with spirit and fight, and enthusiasm ran high throughout the season among the basketeers and spectators as well.

Unlimiteds: Edward Kruse, Harold Smith, Ned Stroud, Perry Thornton, Louis Mertins, Wayne Hooper, Don Ingalls, Carlos Brown, Charles Hanger.

115's: Clifford Boehrer, Kim Creed, John Howlett, Raymond Keyes, Bob Millar, Franz Muller, John Oshida, Kenneth Parkhurst, Donald Riggs, Ernie Schauppner, John Sebastian, Richard Smithson, John Sproul.

No. 209—Lower Division Volleyball Champions.
No. 112—Upper Division Volleyball Champions.
H8 Volleyball Team.
L9 Volleyball Team.
L10 Volleyball Team.

GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

The volleyball series of the season began with interadvisory contests. In the lower division High Eights No. 209 and No. 106 tied with five games each. The two teams were evenly matched, and that final game was a hard one, but No. 209 finally emerged victorious. In the lower division interclass contests the High Eights were in the lead and became the ones to meet Garfield. In every game with Garfield the girls harmonized perfectly and did excellent work, but the honors of the season were won by their opponents. The High Nines of No. 112 were the victors in the interadvisory games of the upper division and were awarded their circle "W's". Competition was keen in the interclass series for success meant the chance to meet Garfield. The Low Nines won that chance and the victory over Garfield. They proved to be Willard's only winning team against Garfield for the season.

ADVISORY CHAMPIONS

H8 No. 209 (Lower Division): Ruth Macdonald, Mary Magruder, Evelyn Massoni, Joan McEachran, Lois McKay, Marion McKenzie, Eleanor Moore, Helen Pearson, Rita Richberger, Bernadette Rougeot, Juanita Schultheis, Helen Scott.

H9 No. 112 (Upper Division): Edna Haggerty, Barbara Holmes, Lettie Jayne Huckins, Birte Jensen, Trent Johnston, Eleanor Lamb, Elva Lynch, Virginia Merchant, Yvonne Michelson, Audrey Monahan, Pat Morton.

CLASS VOLLEYBALL CHAMPIONS

L8: Georgiana Allen, Janet Chick, Doris Haines, Virginia Hamilton, Betty Hansen, Ruth Jee, Nancy Johnson, Mitsuko Okubo, Elsie Reimers.

H8: Janet Bagby, Margaret Ballard, Mary Ann Baugh, Ellen De Journette, Susie Hayashida, Harriet Johnson, June Lamb, Lois McKay, Eleanor Moore, Charlotte Weston.

L9: Barbara Abbott, Elsie Carter, Catherine Coffin, Margaret Connick, Martha Crandall, Peggy Crane, Barbara Durkee, Phyllis Koplan, Jeanne Le Quatte, Madalynne Lindenberg, Jessolyn Scudder.

H9: Shirley Engelhard, Esther Enos, Grace Gillespie, Yvonne Michelson, Audrey Monahan, Pat Morton, June Setterlund, Elizabeth Stewart, Katharine von Adelung.

L10: Dorothy Betaque, Ruth Black, Orva Blaine, Phyllis Bliss, Margaret Buckley, Bliss Burchell, Eunice De Bogosian, Jane Englehorn, Ruth Grove, Peggy Hurt, Anna Lea Lloyd, Vivian Megerian, Ruthelma Rowe, Edith Savin, Ruth Vawter, Barbara Whittingham.

THE WILLARD TENNIS TEAM

The Willard tennis team played at Garfield this semester tying the first tournament and losing the second by one match. It seemed somewhat irregular to have the first tournament end in a tie, but because of darkness the fifth match had to be called off. When the second tournament began, it looked as if Garfield would beat us by a heavy score, but, as the matches progressed, Willard rallied and lost by but a small margin. A spirit of good sportsmanship and real comradeship prevailed throughout the matches.

Tennis Team: Jack Bates, John Benaman, Emerson Chapman, Chip Cheney, Charles Cieloha, Melvin Gielow, Jack McElheney, Jim Moulton, Bob Ready.

NOON DANCES

The series of Friday noon dances have proved a very popular feature of the term activities. They have been sponsored by the physical education department, and Maurice Anger has furnished the rhythmic notes so alluring. In fact Mrs. Johnson, the hostess, informs us that on each occasion several hundred Willardites have been unable to resist the Orphean strains, and consequently the coffers of the physical education department have been bulging with dimes ready to be used for gym supplies.

YOU KNOW

He plays his pipes out in the woods
And frolics on the green.
He is a shaggy creature
That no one has ever seen.

Horns, and hoofs, and shaggy pants
Comprise this little man.
Surely you know who it is.
'Tis none but little Pan.

—Barbara Dean.

"TARGET" QUOTA ADVISORIES—ROOMS 109, 108, 206, 110, 111, 214, 112

THE "TARGET"

Fellow students, do you realize that these fourteen quota pictures are just double the number of quota victors in last semester's "Target"? That spirit of concord, of unity, that prevailed in the advisories attaining their quotas is typical of our school, and why not have another set of doubles or more next season? You can! Just stress a bit more boldly, fellow students, that attitude of harmony and classroom cooperation that cannot miss the mark, and a quota victory will be yours for Willard.

Harmony suggests music, and music is the theme stressed in the art and many of the features of this issue. The two concerts recently given in our auditorium in which all the musical organizations participated revealed to all who had the pleasure of hearing the programs the excellence of the standards attained in Willard's music department. It has been said that music is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth that we take to heaven.

"Target" Staff: Anna Lea Lloyd (editor), Jane Anderson, Cathleen Burt, Barbara Dean, Grace Gillespie, Peggy Hurt, Frances Lockwood (assistant editors).

Associate Editors: Barbara Abbott, Elinor Anderson, Tom Barber, Dick Barger, Fred Beretta, Dorothy Betaque, Margaret Connick, Donald Campbell, Herbert Cantelow, Chip Cheney, Shirley Cooke, Peggy Crane, Pat Derr, Frank Kruse, Ellen Langley, Betty Lyser, Vivian Megerian, Frances Miles, Jean Paul, Edmund Richard, Doris Jean Werum, Verna Wilson.

Art: Juanita Prevatt, Will Rogers, Arthur Rowe, Bob Rutherford, Donald Slaiter.

Business: Edward Coulon, Dick Duhring, Melvin Gielow, Bob Ready.

Sponsors: Mr. Hayes (principal), Miss Christy (publication), Mr. Baxter (business), Mrs. Underhill (art).

"TARGET" QUOTA ADVISORIES—ROOMS 202, 210, 109, 115, 213, 113, 6

WORLD SYMPHONY

The world is full of melody if you will only find it,
In all its sweet simplicity as nature has designed it.
You'll find it in the mountain stream and in the wind-tossed trees,
The sound of raindrops on the glass, the roaring of the seas,
And in our wondrous man-made world the rumbling of the trains
And cars on busy city streets, the throb of giant planes.
The world is full of melody. It isn't hard to find
In all its stirring beauty in the hearts of all mankind.

—Frances Lockwood.

WILLARD REPUBLIC

Willard has a government
That is really hard to beat.
Its officers are competent,
And its senate is complete.
Its students are participant,
They show cooperation,
Obey every commandant,
And play jokes in moderation.

—Patsy Towne.

GOOD SALESMANSHIP

Our assembly room is small, and our school is large so we had two gatherings during Book Week in order to properly celebrate the event. Miss Hawkins came from the Boys and Girls' Book Room of the Sather Gate Book Shop and delighted the High Seventh and Low Eighth advisory groups by telling them about many of the new fall books and showing their attractive jackets. She also read some humorous poems, which quite captivated her audience.

The program for the upper grades was provided for the most part by a group of boys and girls who have been assisting in the library this semester. They reviewed most entertainingly many of the new books recently placed on our shelves, some of which were purchased with the money so generously given by the P.T.A.

Mr. Salisbury added his touch to the success of the program by playing with two members of his orchestra "The Largo" from "The New World Symphony".

Dick Barger was master of ceremonies for the upper division program and the speakers were Bob Ready, Fred Beretta, Gilbert Cross, Barbara Erickson, Bill Gracey, Peggy Hurt, Betty Kinsey, Mary Kathryn Lee, Anna Lea Lloyd, Audrey Monahan, Betty Udall, Jack Wallace, Doris Jean Werum, Dorothy Wilson.

Both programs were examples of excellent salesmanship, and the new books have met with great popularity since they were so invitingly introduced.

BOOKS

When lonely a book is a friend.
  Good books are excellent gifts to send.
When sick what a comfort they are
  For they take you to places both near and far.

No matter whether one's rich or poor,
  Books are easy to procure.
Books are used in the training of youth.
  They are the symbols of knowledge and truth.

—James Hahn.

WILLARD JOCKEYS

The sixth annual hobby show of Willard Junior High School was held recently in the school gymnasium to the evident delight of the near thousand boys and girls, each of whom was given the pleasure of a period's visit to the show. All in all seventy pupils rode their hobbies to the exhibit. Included in the sections were art and cartooning, birds' nests, cameras, badges, keys, clay modeling, pets, gourds, wood carving, menu cards, pennants, model airplanes, ships and railroads, dolls, dog and soldier miniatures, post cards, radios, rope knots, scrapbooks, samples, stamps, war relics, tin foil, trinkets, coins, and match folders. Blue, red, and white ribbons were awarded by a committee of P.T.A. mothers to many of the pupils for the excellence of their displayed hobbies. Candy was awarded the sweepstakes' winners. The first grand sweepstake's prize was won by Clarence Felt for his airplanes, the second by Tim Pearson and Harland Veal together for their radio hobby, and the third by James Burnett, art exhibitor. An unusually beautiful display of a winter scene was made by one of the school patrons, Mrs. Olaf Lindbloom of the Willard P.T.A. Willardites, better get that hobby of yours in training right now for next season's show. You can't afford to be left out of such an event.

THE DEDICATION

November 10, 1937, of Education Week, marks an important date in Willard history. On that day at our Willard Junior High School the officers and members of Berkeley Post No. 7 of the American Legion participated in an Armistice Day Program which featured the dedication of our reconstructed auditorium. The dedication address was delivered by Dr. Louise Hector, president of the Berkeley Board of Education. An Armistice Day address was given by Commander O. L. Alford of the University of California Naval Unit.

Then came the presentation by Charles W. Davis, commander of Berkeley Post, of a beautiful silk flag, a gift to Willard from the Post for use in school assemblies.

I am sure we all deeply appreciate the generosity of Berkeley Post No. 7 in presenting to Willard the beautiful silk flag, and Willard Student Body renders them its hearty thanks. We are pleased to know that the inspiration of this gift was due to the splendid efforts of Mr. Edwards, a member of the American Legion, who made the original suggestion and the motion that brought about the act. The flag was accepted by Bob Ready, president of Willard Student Body. Principal Hayes welcomed the honored guests present for the occasion, and musical numbers were rendered by the Willard Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Salisbury.

The program throughout was an inspiration, and what a thrill to be back in our very own auditorium again, the very heart, the pulse of our student life!

IN SEASON

The coming of Christmas was heralded by a program in our new auditorium. It was presented on the afternoon of December 16th for the Student Body and repeated for Willard's patrons in the evening. The entertainment included music by the Willard String Quartet, carols by a group of H8 Girls, under Mrs. Allen's direction, attired as medieval waits, and a play, "The Spirit of Christmas", given by Mrs. Hall's L9 English Class.

What a treat to have a play on a real stage once more, and what a beautiful production it was at either performance! Each and every performer did credit to the opportunities our new auditorium now affords. The setting so attractively arranged was an old English manor-house at the time of the war between Cromwell and King Charles I on the afternoon and midnight of the day before Christmas. The cast for the two performances included Charles Hanger, Irving Short (Sir Gilbert), Elsie Carter, Maralee Ogle (Lady Katharine), Benjamin Weir (Rufus), Verna Wilson, Alma Roth (Cicily), Peggy Crane, Margaret Connick (Phyllis), Dorothy Sales, Audrey Beresford (Rafe), Elizabeth Marshall (Allison), Arthur Starke, Kenneth Mirov (Diccon), Jeannette Jones, Barbara Abbott (Gillian), Joan Maslin, Lucia Peniston (Lady Geraldine), Barbara Durkee, Betty Platt (Sir Philip), Ernie Schauppner, Gyo Obata (Stephen), Ross Bean (Wat), Kim Creed, Stanley Jorgenson (Andrews). Martha Crandall (assistant director), Elinor Anderson (accompanist), Lillian Sholin (properties), and John Sproul (lights) contributed much to the success of the production.

The Christmas waits were a real picture in their costumes of the olden time, and their voices were especially beautiful in the five songs of the Yuletide. The waits were Tatiana Buzanoff, Florence Carleton, Kathryn Cotter, Carol Davis, Ellen De Journette, Faith Droitcour, Annabella Elkner, Carolyn Moore, Ailene Smith, Barbara Strong, Carol Sutcliff, Phyllis Svendsgaard.

Our first Christmas program in the new auditorium would not have been quite the joy it was without the music between scenes provided by James Boyer, Bruce Salomon, Sasha Shulgin, and Mr. Salisbury composing the Willard String Quartette.

"The thundering herd."
"Stay as sweet as you are."
"True confession."

"The pause that refreshes."
"Three smart girls."
"Hail, hail the gang's all here!"

"Did you ever see a dream walking?"
"Oh baby, what I couldn't do."
"Sweet is the word for you."

"Bell, how merrily thou wouldst sound!"
"Oh say can you swing?"
"And me without a slingshot!"

MUSICAL DISCORD

The little sharp said to the flat
"How did you come my way?"
Said he to her, "It's natural,
And, now I'm here, I'll stay."
"Oh, no!" said she, "you scoot right out
For I expect a caller.
D Major is a comin'
And, if you don't go, I'll holler!"

So then and there the little sharp
Began to shriek and howl.
The flat tried hard to solace her.
Then came an awful growl—
D Major came upon the scene!
The fight was fierce and free.
You've guessed it!
I'm describing a modern symphony.

—Ann Lea Lloyd

FEATURES

ADVENTURE BOUND

Joe De Palma was sitting on a box on the waterfront in Italy watching a strange boat called the Roma load supplies. Finally his curiosity overcame him. He slowly walked up to the captain, who was a friend of his and who had known him all his life, and asked him where the ship was sailing. Knowing that Joe was an honest boy and a good worker, Captain Dalo asked him if he wouldn't like to accompany him on this journey.

Joe was alone in the world. He was nineteen years old and had been looking for a job for some time. Not lacking the spirit of adventure, he told the captain he would go with him.

Captain Dalo told Joe that he had an old map showing the location of a ship that had sunk with a treasure on it thirty years before. Joe could hardly believe this. Imagine his sailing on a ship in search of treasure!

After sailing for a week, the ship Roma was anchored off the coast of a small island. Eyes peered out of the bushes as the men brought the supplies on the land although they were unaware of the fact.

For four days men dived down looking for the treasure, but it was of no use. Someone had found it before them. Joe didn't want to leave the island and go back to Italy without any adventure so he suggested exploring the island. Captain Dalo was reluctant at first, but the faces of the men were so eager that he couldn't refuse.

The next day they set out. They walked for miles through the thick forest and heavy underbrush but found nothing. Everyone was ready to call it a day when Joe beckoned them on. About fifty feet ahead was a clearing, and there was a white man! The crew of the Roma was so overcome at seeing a white man that no one spoke for a few minutes. The natives seemed to look on this man as their leader.

Captain Dalo, followed by his sailors, slowly walked up to him. Then the crew was motioned to stay back and Dalo to follow the stranger into a hut. After Captain Dalo was seated, the white leader introduced himself as Andy Diedricksen. He told Captain Dalo the following story:

"I was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, thirty-five years ago. My father was captain of a ship called Sea Queen. She sank somewhere near this island, and I never heard about my father again. Knowing that there was a treasure aboard, I gathered a crew and came down here. We found the treasure and brought it on this island to divide it, but all my shipmates died of a plague, I the lone survivor. The natives here were friendly, and they made me their leader. Not having any relatives anywhere, I decided to stay on this island, and now you have heard my story."

Captain Dalo said nothing for a while and then told of his journey and why he had come.

Andy said he would give him half the treasure if he took him to Italy, but Captain Dalo refused the treasure and offered to take him along. After bidding farewell to the natives, Andy Diedricksen sailed with Captain Dalo and his crew on the good ship Roma.

Joe watched the island fade away on the horizon. He had had such an adventure as he had longed for many times.

—Alma Roth.

IN TUNE

When winter time is here,
Our garden seems so bare.
I'm glad to see the springtime
When flowers bloom so rare.

The pansies then are blooming
Beside the roses' bed.
Their dainty purple faces
Blend with the roses' red.

—Jean Davies.

MUTINY ON THE HIGH SEAS

With happy anticipation of a wonderful life in a new world the three Powell brothers, George, Edward, and William, watched the stretch of water widen between their boat and the land as the ship left Cardiff Bay, Wales, early one spring morning. They were sailing to that "land of promise," America.

These three brothers were Herculean lads, strong as oxen, and as brave and daring as they were strong. They were boys any father would be proud to call his own.

For the first week everything was wonderful, and each day was filled with pleasure. The brothers were popular and hailed with joy for any of the many sports in which the voyagers indulged. Everywhere they went a smile greeted them.

Then suddenly the storm broke. The crew mutinied. Upon awakening one morning, the passengers found that they were drifting, that the captain's quarters were empty, and the crew was lounging around on the deck. The captain had been put in chains. The passengers were told that if they behaved themselves and spent most of their time below deck, they would not be harmed. The mutineers promised to put them off on the first land they touched, and, if it were uninhabited, they would give them food and water to last until they could reach civilization.

The sailors soon found they were hopelessly lost. Without the captain to guide them they were not sure where they were going. Then, too, they had a hard time keeping the passengers in that hot, stuffy atmosphere below deck.

One day George, Edward, and William decided it was time to do something about this mutiny. They went to the sailors and indicated that they were tired of this continual drifting, that they didn't believe they would ever land near civilization, and furthermore they had decided to take over the ship. One of the sailors, a large, gorilla-like man, dared George to come closer and say that. As George moved forward, the sailor lunged at him. A quick side-step, a few tricks, and the man was very decidedly out.

Then it began. The sailors leaped toward the three boys, thinking that with so many on their side the boys would be easily overpowered, but soon they discovered their mistake. In about the same time as the sailors had planned to have the boys in chains, they themselves were either unconscious, rubbing sore jaws, or soothing their swelling eyes.

Tossing those who were not subdued into chains and keeping a good watch on the others, they freed the captain and started westward once more to America. To those sailors who were not in chains, the captain promised freedom, and, if they behaved themselves, no charges would be brought against them, but they would never sail for him again.

Once more the ship glided on toward the "land of promise," bringing the rejoicing passengers and the three happy brothers to their new life in America.

—Dorothy Sales.

MY NEIGHBOR'S GARDEN

The garden of my neighbor
Is always very neat.
The gardener works and labors
And rakes it every week.

He never lets a minute pass
When in this garden fair,
Without doing the daily task
Of minding the flowers rare.

The stocks are very pretty,
The sweetpeas 're pink and blue,
And he's forever ready
To water the rosebuds new.

—Elaine Glover.

FROM WARRIOR'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"Well, Warrior, old fellow, that was some race!" I was being praised by my master after an unimportant race that I had won. "If you'll only show the same spirit next month in the big race," he continued, "my troubles will be over, because, old fellow, if you come in first, there will be a prize of a thousand dollars." I neighed trying to assure him I'd win.

My groom was rubbing me down, and my master was talking. "You know, John, Warrior is the queerest horse I've ever owned."

"You mean fastest," the groom replied.

"Yes," resumed my master, "fastest, but he's kinda funny, too. He likes music! I had the radio on the other day, and he was down in the pasture. He came to the house and listened to a symphony, but, when I turned to a jazzy program, he trotted back to the pasture."

"I've heard that cows like music," John replied, "but a horse—that sounds odd." Then they turned me out to pasture, and I was obliged to go. I went down to the lake and gazed at my reflection and wondered if my mother, a full-blooded Arabian, and my father, a relative of "Man-o-War" enjoyed music, too. I was pleased with my reflection. John had brushed me beautifully, making my brownish-red shoulders and flanks gleam in the mirror of the lake.

I took a long drink, and I heard some unfamiliar voices. Looking up, I saw two men sneaking towards me with ropes. I turned to get away as quickly as possible, but one threw a rope around my neck, and I saw it was useless to resist. "This is the hoss," I heard one say. "We'll take you for a nice little trip, hossie. Yep, we might even run you in a little race—a thousand miles from here."

They led me about a mile and put me into a truck. We finally arrived at a nearby town. They took me into an old tumbled-down shack and painted me white in places. They put a star on my forehead and white stockings on my legs. They tied me with ropes to a stake and then departed.

It was a calm summer night, and a cooling breeze blew the sound of a concert to my ears. I pulled at the ropes, and I tugged, and out came the large stake to which I was tied. Ropes dangling, the stake dragging behind me, I made my way toward the sound of the music. I found the orchestra in the city park. There was a large crowd listening to the "Overture to Tannhauser" by Wagner. I stood quietly by a tree in the back of the platform and listened.

My master, going by in his car (he hadn't missed me yet) happened to notice me, but he did not recognize me. The music grew more stirring, and he saw me prick up my ears, and then he recognized me! He came over and felt the wet paint on my forehead. He took me home, and later my kidnappers were caught. Of course, I was in the race, and of course, I won!

—Betty Lyser.

TRY A SMILE

Don't ever say, "I can't do that,"
Because it isn't true.
At school, at home, or any place
Just strive your best to do.

And keep a smile upon your face,
A smile that's sure to say,
"Don't think that you can frighten me
Because I'm here to stay."

—Elizabeth Stewart.

THE SPIRIT OF JUSTICE

The citizens of Smithville, in Springfield County, are not a happy-looking lot at best. They go about their business silently and wander up Main Street with dark looks and brooding faces. Perhaps in the next generation this attitude will disappear, but now, and for a long while to come, Smithville heaves a collective sigh at the memory of one little Leon Broune, deceased, and of an incident at the thought of which every Smithville citizen tears his hair. The whole incident took place some time ago and started thus:

Little Leon Broune, aged twelve, a student at Springfield Union High School, having been detained after classes, had missed the school bus and was walking home. As he was trudging along the highway in the gathering darkness, a slow-moving flivver with two men in it overtook him, and the driver offered him a ride into town. Now Leon was old enough to know that it was wrong to accept rides from strangers and these men especially, the driver and a tramp who had probably slipped through the state "bum-blockade" as the driver's friend. Since Leon also knew that he would not otherwise get home until long after dark, he accepted and climbed in. As he did so, the tramp got out and muttering his thanks to the driver, disappeared in the direction of a farmhouse, and the car drove off.

Some days later the body of young Leon was discovered in an old barn, and a statewide manhunt was inaugurated. It had been going on for nearly a year when suddenly it seemed that a new light was about to be thrown on the situation. In the course of their search, the police had rounded up all the "shady" characters that they could find for questioning, and one of these, a vagrant who professed to know something about the case, was taken to Smithville and installed in the jail pending further examination.

There were then two newspapers in Smithville, the highly excitable NEWS, a morning paper, and the more conservative evening paper, CONSENSUS. On the evening of the arrival of the sheriff's party in town, a notice appeared in the CONSENSUS to the effect that a man was being held in connection with child-kidnaping. Next morning a glaring headline in the NEWS ran, "Child-slayer Held in Local Jail."

By noon a large crowd was milling about in front of the City Hall and was rapidly increasing while the Sheriff, Chief of Police, and a paltry dozen policemen looked more and more anxious over the future of their star witness. Late in the afternoon the mob broke into the jail, swept aside the officers, and, extracting the poor derelict from the one occupied compartment, completed in half an hour an act that will undoubtedly count double against each and every one involved on the day of judgment.

A week later a certain local drug addict apprehended by "G-men" signed a confession the contents of which showed to the now sober vigilantes of Smithville the mistake they had made. The climax of the story is, of course, that the murdered was duly tried, convicted, and executed on the recorded evidence of the late lamented vagrant, but there is one other rather interesting conclusion. There is now only one newspaper in Smithville, the conservative evening paper, CONSENSUS.

—Tom Stanton.

JUST DON'T

Some people I know don't like to obey,
Are heedless in haste, and careless at play.
Traffic rules, regulations are mere silly bother.
They aren't quite aware of the rights of another.

You can't prosper at Willard if you aren't polite.
A Court visit, perhaps, will turn you to the right.
Just don't jostle or whistle or bellow or jabber,
And you'll soon find yourself at the top of the ladder.

—Frances Rakestraw.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON

Strains of an old song drifted dreamily through the open window, turning back the years for Monsieur de Rockeforte, who drowsed reminiscently before the crackling fire. He was old and broken now, but that refrain recalled the old sights and scenes of his youth.

He was a boy, just turned ten. His violin master had promised to take him to the symphony, and tonight he was going to hear Johann Strauss conduct his orchestra at the grand opera house. He saw himself as he looked then, in velvet knee breeches and jacket. His master stood beside him and shared his rapture as Strauss played his immortal "Blue Danube."

The scene shifted, and he was again in his early twenties. He was at his first ball given in his honor by his wealthy old grandfather. He was so anxious to make a good impression that he trembled with apprehension. Then suddenly everything was changed. He looked up and "She" was there, "She" of whom he had dreamed. As if still in a reverie, he found himself dancing with "Her" to the gliding rhythm of the beautiful "Blue Danube."

Another picture comes to view with Monsieur middle-aged and gray. He looked closer and saw "Her" radiantly beautiful still although her hair was slightly silvered at the temples. With them was their son, a lad of ten, playing for the first time his father's big concert violin. His baby face was bent anxiously over the instrument, and his golden curls caressed the strings as from them fondly issued those enchanting strains he loved. Closely followed another moment of joy as the scene shifted for the last time, and Monsieur de Rockeforte recalls his wife and himself grown old. She was majestic with her crown of snowy white hair, and her face glowed with pride as she heard her son direct the great symphony orchestra. Her happiness seemed complete when he, accompanied by his orchestra, played the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

These retrospections brought back his memory so vividly that for a moment Monsieur was almost certain his wife and son were in the same room with him. Then the visions vanished, and realization of their passing almost twenty years before crept over him.

Monsieur de Rockeforte closed his tired eyes to try to recover the lost visions. Suddenly the music burst into a loud crescendo, and, as the strains gently faded, an expression of peace veiled the wearied face, and his hand dropped. Monsier de Rockeforte had gone Home to join his loved ones.

—Mary Ruth Smith.

IN NORMANDY

A rose-cheeked little maiden of Normandy comes tripping across the cobblestones to the village well. She smiles pleasantly at us as the fresh breeze blows back her coal black braids briskly. As the girl draws up some cool clear water, the sun is just peeping over the hilltops, bathing the village in its rosy morning light. Somewhere far off we hear a cock crow. He must be an early bird just as the little maid is for, with the exception of us, she seems to be the only one out at the break of dawn.

Turning, we see the tall Norman houses lining the gray cobblestone streets. Some soft gray and white doves come swooping down near us. The little Norman maid scatters crumbs for these gentle birds, who seem to understand and love her soothing words.

Suddenly many people appear amid laughter and the rustle of the peasants' brightly colored Sunday costumes. Soon the market place is crowded with a gay, noisy throng, a contrast to the quiet, peaceful street at the break of dawn.

—Inge Schleiff.

BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL

One very warm day back in 1860, Grandmother and her smaller brother, Millerd, were walking to their prairie school on the western plains of Kansas. It was situated about four miles down the creek bed. Grandmother, then a child of thirteen, noticed great clouds of smoke on the horizon. At once her mind was aware of the danger before her and Millerd. A raging prairie fire was all but upon them. They were within a mile of the school, but natural instinct told them to run for their home.

Vina, my grandmother, saw that it would be impossible for them to reach their home before the fire crossed in front of them and cut her and her brother off from their little prairie house. She was a wise and sensible girl. If she hadn't been, Millerd and she would probably not be living today.

"The sides of the creek," she muttered to herself, "are high, and the creek itself is quite narrow. It might be impossible . . . . . ."

Her thoughts suddenly dissolved into action as she slowly let the thoroughly frightened Millerd down into the creek. She then jumped down and at once soaked Millerd's clothes in a puddle of water and then her own. After giving a few simple instructions to Millerd, she began to dig into the wet and soggy sand. It was not long before both of them were buried in the sand. A wet rag served as a protection from the heat on their faces.

Back in her mind she thought that the fire might jump the creek. She prayed a silent prayer just as the fire was on its brink. Would it come raging down on them, or would it jump the creek? By sheer luck the fire jumped over, but the heat was intense. It was not long, however, before Vina and Millerd were digging themselves out from their sandy graves.

In the meantime back at their home their parents were almost frantic with the fear that they might never see their children again. You can imagine how grateful they felt when they saw their little daughter and son walking hand in hand into the yard. Their faces were covered with black soot, and their clothes were torn, but no one will ever known how beautiful these children were in the eyes of their parents at that moment.

—Peggy Crane.

THE DOORMAN

The doorman stands so stiff and tall
Sometimes I think he's dead,
But always when a car drives up
He turns and bows his head.

He's like a big tin soldier.
He hardly moves a bit.
You'd think he'd get so tired standing
He'd want to stop and sit.

He wears a shiny uniform.
He must have been in war,
And just to keep astanding there
Must be an awful bore.

I'm glad I'm not a doorman,
I'd have to stand all day
While I'm the kind of little boy
That likes to run and play.

—Bruce Salomon.

TWO BLACK CROWS

They came to the Tower's household one day early in the spring. Bob and John had gone for a walk in the country and had returned with the two crows, glossy and black. It wasn't long before the birds felt quite at home and were thereupon christened Darby and Joan.

Some weeks after their arrival in their new home, Joan came to grief. One day as she was being fed, Bob tossed her up into the air playfully. A small piece of bread became stuck in her windpipe, and thus ended her career. Much subdued and more than a little guilty, Bob ceremoniously buried his pet.

Darby, although missing Joan at first, fast developed into what people termed "quite a character". In the course of time he learned a number of amusing tricks and also acquired some troublesome ones. One of his habits was that of entering a bedroom through an open window. Attracted by any silver or jewelry, he would snatch something bright and make off with it. Sometimes the articles were recovered, but more often the thief would drop them where they couldn't be found. He also learned to say, "Well, well!" distinctly and with great expression.

His crowning adventure was one Sunday morning when, unknown to the family, he followed them to church. There was great consternation when one of the boys discovered the bird and passed the word to his father, one of the pillars of that religious gathering.

There, seated on one of the crossbeams, was Darby, alternately looking down at them and preening himself. The service that followed seemed never-ending, but at last the sermon came to a close. The family sat with bated breath listening for the familiar, "Well, well!"

The boys, I think, were a little disappointed that it really didn't happen. Father Tower's face was a study, but relief overcame all else as he walked out of the church and into the bright sunlight, followed by the family.

Darby, after a decent interval of sizing up the situation, swooped through the church door and was off for home, all ready for his Sunday dinner.

—Audrey Beresford.

AT THE SWORD'S POINT

As I was walking along the ocean one day, what seemed a combination of a typhoon and a hurricane appeared. It swept me and all the inhabitants of a nearby town right into the ocean. After the dizzy feeling left my head, I began to feel my way through the bottom of the ocean. Guessing that I was at least two miles under water, I sat down to rest. Suddenly I came face to face with a devilfish, and then I realized that I had snored too loud. I began to back away, but his seventh arm landed a haymaker on my chin. I looked vainly for a place to hide but found none except an empty shell into which I dived. To my surprise it followed me and uttered a terrible laugh as it closed in on me. Pulling out my gun, I shot a hole through its back and crawled out only to find a swordfish grinning at me.

I stood paralyzed for a moment, and then, picking up a piece of coral, I started to duel with the fish. By this time the devilfish was stuck in the hole I had made so I gradually backed away until I was directly in front of it. As the swordfish lunged I jumped aside allowing it to pierce the devilfish.

The swordfish could not get his sword out of the devilfish's internals and began to cry. Feeling sorry for it, I chopped off its sword and called for a taxi. Up paddled a turtle, who carried me up to the surface, and, after paying him my grateful respects for the taxi service, I hastened in the direction of my home town.

—Sam Yamamoto.

THE "CHAMP"

Butch Malone was a tough and burly truck driver. Around the truckyard his word was an unwritten law that even the bravest feared to challenge. His mighty fist persuaded many a would-be boss to become an underling and like it.

Johnnie Malone, his son, had yellow curly hair and blue eyes. Where Butch's nose made a slow curve to the left and then a sharp one to the right, Johnnie's was straight and fine. Where Butch's ears stuck out, Johnnie's were plastered close to his well-shaped head. In Butch's opinion Johnnie was a sissy. He was worried, therefore, when the "boys" at the yard asked him to bring Johnnie down for a once-over. It would take a tougher man than he to live down that "angel face". There was only one thing to do.

Monday morning the "boys" saw climbing out of Malone's truck a kid even uglier than Butch. He had a pug nose and tiny green slits for eyes. His fists hung like huge hammers at his sides, and his mouth was cruel. This, Butch announced, was his kid. He was even tougher than they had expected. Only Butch knew in reality he was not his son but lightweight champion of Gas Alley.

It was then that a blond whirlwind appeared upon the scene and just in time to hear the introduction. Not a minute did he hesitate, but up to Butch's "son" he walked and hit his jaw hard!

What followed in the speed of the moment the witnesses were unable to tell. All they knew was that when the dust had cleared a blond boy with a nose smashed till it looked like Butch's very own was standing while the "champ" was on the ground taking forty winks.

"That," said Butch in a faint voice as he pointed to the victor, "is my son!"

—Peggy Hurt.

DEFY OUR MURDERERS!

"I, my friends," said a rather corpulent individual, "am here to plead our common cause before you." This remark was made to a gaily dressed crowd, which, strange to say, had an air of deep depression. The orator continued.

"Are we going to allow conditions like those of yesterday to reoccur?" He paused to let his words take effect.

"How long can these atrocities continue? We are persecuted for no reason, and not until now have we united for the common cause, defense. I am here to enlist all you fellow-sympathizers in our cause. Are you with me?" At once a terrific clamor of "Yes, yes!" is heard. The crowd is for the newcomer one-hundred per cent.

"You have all heard of the mass executions that have taken place during these few weeks. The authorities have been on MY trail, but I eluded them in a forest." Cries of "Hurrah for you! Bravo!" are heard. The speaker resumes his speech with magnificent gestures.

"Our comrades lived only to die. Their death was assured from the time of their birth. They were marked. We who survive should offer thanks, but what is there left for us? Our fate is sealed unless we unite and defy our **murderers!** By next year, if we do not defeat them, we shall, in all probability, share the fate of our luckless fellows. Aye, my distressed friends, the executioner's block has, indeed, been red these few weeks, and it's just about time we turkeys told them where to get off."

—Arthur Starke.

THE DOG

A dog's life it is bold and free.
He's always full of joy and glee.
He romps and plays as he awaits
Your coming at the garden gate.
He's always up and on the go.
No matter what he's never slow.

—Clifford Moore.

TWO POINT BLUFF

It was on July 23 of this year that my grandmother, mother, father, and I drove to a secluded spot in Northern California. It was called Two Point Bluff. We placed flowers on a mound that had only a rugged cross of sticks to mark the grave of a brave man. Upon reaching home, I asked my grandmother for a story. Grandmother sat down in her old arm chair, and this is the story she told:

"It was years ago in Illinois when your grandfather and I set out for California with our three children. Your mother and aunt were only two and a half years old. Your uncle was seventeen. We were excited thinking of the life ahead of us in a new and strange land, but before leaving we had been carefully warned of Indians and other dangers. We promised to be cautious.

"The first eight months our small caravan moved slowly towards the West with few difficulties. Soon, however, the going was becoming rough, and we began stopping more frequently. One night we camped at Two Point Bluff. Everyone was seated around the fire singing songs, when suddenly we heard blood-curdling yells and Indians rode towards us on horses. The men grabbed their guns and started their defense. We women loaded the guns while the children huddled together in a pile near us.

"One of the children crawled unnoticed away from the rest and out into the danger of the guns. Your uncle saw him and rushed to bring him to safety, but he wasn't quick enough. One of the Indians shot him.

"We rushed to his aid, but he was already dead. After driving the Indians off, we all tried to sleep, but it was impossible. Early the next morning we buried your uncle at Two Point Bluff."

—Elsie Carter.

HUNGER

Hunger! That was all that the pioneers in John Harrington's band had to look forward to.

The settlers had left Iowa in 1829 bound for Oregon. Everything had been fine until they had reached Montana where they were set upon by Indians and forced to seek refuge in an old abandoned fort. They had held off the Indians for two weeks, but they had run out of food after a week of besiegement. Although another wagon train was expected within a week or so, the settlers knew they could not survive unless they succeeded in obtaining food.

Tad Harrington had begged his father to allow him to try to get some food, but he had been met with refusals. Tad didn't wish to disobey his father, but he thought of the pioneers' hunger and slipped out of the stockade for a moment to obtain a dead Indian's bow and arrows.

That night Tad crept beyond the stockade and made his way across the open space that separated the forest from a fort. He finally made the creek that bordered the forest. Into it he slid without a sound and made his way upstream. When he came to a wide spot, he stopped and waited for perhaps an hour. Then he heard and saw a large buck coming down to drink! He let fly with an arrow, and the deer fell as softly as a leaf falling in autumn. He got the animal into the water and floated it down the creek until he came within range of the fort. There he got a sentry to help him bring in the game he had bagged. The pioneers were saved, and Tad's trophy of the hunt was the life-saver.

—Alan Stagner.

THAT DELICIOUS PIE

Poor Tom was tossing around in his bed. He tried hard to sleep, but he kept thinking of a delicious pie. Finally the temptation was too strong for him to resist. He crept slowly out of his bed, walked silently to the door, and listened intently. All was quiet and dark.

He had started to leave the room when suddenly he stopped short. He thought he heard a noise. Yes, there it was again, a long peculiar sound. He stood perfectly still and then gave a long sigh of relief. It was the elongated rumble of his father's snore. He walked quickly by his parents' room and crept down the stairs. Tom was frightened, but the thought of the pie lured him on.

With an air of bravado he stole into the kitchen. He looked hastily into the refrigerator, the pantry, and the cupboard, but to his sorrow he found no pie. A sad look came into Tom's eyes. After all the trouble he had gone through, there was no reward. Then his eyes fell on the small closet inside the range. He opened it quickly and found the pie! He was delighted. Carefully taking it out, he was about to indulge in a large bite when he heard the door behind him open.

"Gosh!" Tom thought, "my mother!"

Turning around, he saw to his surprise and amazement a most unattractive stranger!

Before he knew what he was doing, he had suddenly thrown the deliicous pie into the stranger's face and leaped up the stairs to call his father. His father summoned the police, and the thief was caught immediately.

Tom was highly complimented upon the clever way in which he had captured the thief, but the question as to how and why he was in the kitchen at that particular moment was never discussed.

—Gyo Obata.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

In all my born days I don't believe I shall ever see a better quail shot than the one Ed Thomas made several years ago.

Arriving in Yountville at five in the morning, Ed and I immediately headed for the hunting grounds. For four hours we scoured the neighboring hills and foliage during which time I bagged seven quail and poor Ed showed up with one, which he had succeeded in shooting out of a tree.

"Say, Ed," I said jokingly, "you're the lousiest shot I've had the privilege to see," and so I continued kidding away as we sat eating our lunches. What got my goat was every time I kidded Ed he would simply say he had been giving me a head start.

Just as I was in the act of belittling Ed's shooting again, I spied a movement off to my right. Looking closer, I perceived a covey of about nine quail.

Ah! Here was my chance to really show Ed up. "Say, Ed, I bet you couldn't even get one quail out of a covey!"

Well, sir, that got Ed's goat. "Show me a covey! Just show me a covey!" he retorted.

Grinning, I pointed to the small covey.

"Shucks," he said, "that'll be so darn easy I'll just use my little .410 here."

As Ed approached, the quail rose off the ground and sped like bullets for safety.

Pcw! Almost as if prearranged, the nine quail folded up and hit the dust! A limit of quail with one shot! Boy, was I burned!

—Fred Beretta.

A BICYCLE LOST FOREVER

As Billy Wallace's mother was clearing the dinner dishes away, she happened to look out the kitchen window and saw Billy climbing into the apple tree in the back yard. At first she was somewhat surprised at this for Billy had had a hearty meal and could not be hungry.

"I'll wager that boy intends to listen to Mary and Ned Rogers as they sit on the bench under the tree this evening," she said to herself.

Mrs. Wallace then went into the living room and said, "I wonder if I might interrupt you two young people a moment? I just saw Billy climbing into the tree behind the house, and I think he intends to listen to your conversation while you sit under the tree."

"Mary," said Ned, "we might have some fun kidding your brother."

"Billy has a bad habit of eavesdropping, and this seems just the way to break him of it," said Mary.

All this time Billy had been in a cramped position in the tree, but he felt that the fun would be worth the hardship.

At that moment Mary and Ned came from the house and walked over to the seat. They were talking. "You certainly have a fine brother, Mary," said Ned. "He is so thoughtful of others."

At this Billy's face turned to a shade of pink.

"Yes," said Mary, "he surely is. I have never known him to do anything to hurt another person's feelings. He is very honest and never does the least thing that is in any way underhanded."

Billy's face turned a deep red. Ned continued. "I have an old bicycle over at my house that no one ever uses, and, seeing that Billy is such an upright boy, I have been thinking about having it fixed up and giving it to him. What do you think of it, Mary?"

Billy was so overjoyed at this bit of news that he lost his grip of the limb on which he was sitting and fell crashing to the ground. This let the cat out of the bag, and he ran shamefacedly into the house, resolving never to mention the word "bicycle" in the presence of Ned Rogers.

—Benjamin Weir.

AN OLD BABY

Johnny was five years old. He was going to see his grandfather for the first time. When he got there, he noticed his grandfather didn't talk much. "Grandfather," he asked, "why don't you talk more? Why have you got such a little bit of hair and hardly any teeth?"

"It's just a sign of old age," said his grandfather.

Later Johnny had a new baby brother. A friend coming in to see the baby asked, "Johnny, how do you like the new baby?"

"I like the baby all right, but it isn't new. Why it's even older than grandfather," said little Johnny. "It has hardly any hair, not one tooth, and it doesn't even talk at all. It's just an old baby."

—Janeth White.

MY DAHLIA GARDEN

We have a dahlia garden,
But now the stems are bare,
We seem to beg their pardon
For the frosty winter air.

It's when the lovely springtime comes
That they will be repaid
For then the blossoms begin to bloom,
The leaves become like jade.

—Lois Jorgenson.

TAME BUT DANGEROUS

In a remote rural district near Mount Hamilton, my mother was teaching school. One of the families whose children attended the school had a pet deer, Speed, which they had found motherless when it was only a few weeks old and had raised it on a bottle. Speed, being a stag, was very unfriendly and dangerous to strangers. From the beginning he had taken a dislike to Mother.

One morning when Mother and I were on our way to school, we heard Speed, who always had a collar with bells on it, coming toward us. Mother grabbed a branch from the first tree within reach, a nearby dead oak, with which she struck at him as he approached, but the branch was so rotten that it broke without even frightening him. Then Mother grabbed branches from the surrounding trees, which gave no better results. She told me to go on to school and get Irene, a member of the family who owned the deer, but I was numb with fear and could not move. I stood watching helplessly with my mouth wide open, not knowing how to help.

By this time the deer had my mother on the ground beating her with his hoofs. One moment I would look, and the deer would have Mother down. The next moment she would be up. Finally Mother decided to lie very quiet and make the deer think he had killed her. I stood trembling, wondering what my fate was to be. Was I to be left motherless? Just then a doe came leaping out of the woods. Speed looked, sniffed the air, drew his graceful neck back, and bounded away with her.

—Grace Halstead.

WHAT, NO MONEY?

There was a large crowd at the ticket window as the hour of the big game crept nearer. Jim and Jerry were almost at the window and began getting their money out of their wallets when all of a sudden Jerry looked up, his face beaming with surprise.

"I've lost my money!" said he.

"I am sure you haven't," Jim said.

"But I am sure I have. Look for yourself!" exclaimed Jerry.

Jim took the wallet and searched it thoroughly but to no avail.

"Well, I guess I'll go home," said Jerry. "Good-bye."

He started to walk away slowly.

"Wait, Jerry, wait!" called Jim.

Jerry turned to see his five-dollar bill lying on the pavement.

"How did you see it?" said Jerry. "I certainly couldn't have."

"It was easy," said Jim. "It fell out of the cuff of your pants as you walked away."

—Barbara Sinclair.

DISCORDS

What's the use of feeling bad,
Finding fault with Mom and Dad,
Thinking that what you say
Is the only and best way?

Why get sulky, why feel sad
If you can't follow every fad?
Aim to see what you can do
To please your pals and see it through.

Try a good turn every day.
Smiles received are bountiful pay.
What's the use of feeling bad?
Try happiness as your fad.

—Edward Richard.

SILLY SYMPHONIES

Elizabeth Stewart (upsetting ink bottle): "Have I done you any damage, Bill?"
Bill Thompson (immersed in ink): "No, but keep on swinging your arms about and I'll soon be dry."

Irving Short: "Arthur, do they raise political plums from seeds?"
Arthur Starke: "Not always. Sometimes a bit of grafting is necessary."

Teacher: "I wish I knew how I could keep the eyes of the class on me when I am giving such interesting work."
Charles Hoyt: "Why don't you put the clock in back of you?"

Preston Spurrier: "Gee, I've got a splinter in my finger."
Allan Tweedt: "Serves you right for scratching your head."

Ruth Grove: "Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"
Pat Heaslett: "Well, you get in, and I'll see if there's any room left."

Kevin Varanese: "What is the date, please?"
Teacher: "Never mind the date. The examination is more important."
Kevin Veranese: "Well, I wanted to have something right on my paper."

Francis Allen: "Where were you last night?"
Bob Bruin: "Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."
Francis Allen: "Well, tell them not to leave their hairpins in the car next time."

Frank Pepper (looking up from book): "Who was Mozart?"
Fred Holling: "Aw, don't you know that? Go read your Shakespeare."

Teacher: "How would you punctuate this sentence: 'I saw a dollar lying in the street'?"
Ernie Schauppner: "I'd make a dash after it."

Dick Barger: "I gazed into her glowing eyes. Her lips were saying those three wonderful words I had waited for so long. I couldn't believe it, and yet it was time. Again she said, fulfilling the dream of my life, 'No geometry assignment'!"

Teacher, "Ronald, give me a sentence with 'elite' in it."
Ronald Naess: "My dog 'ill eat' anything."

Teacher to Bill Thompson: "If you don't stop fooling around, I'll turn you over my knee and applaud you."

Betty Kinsey: "What does Margaret Shepherd like for lunch?"
Jean Mallory (disgustedly): 'Almost everything I've got."

Sherry Edwards: "I don't like the study of sponges. Do you?"
Bill Grange: "You bet I do! Why, gee, it's absorbing!"

Teacher (in science): "The vacuoles contain the cell saps."
Dan Alden: "Oh yeh! Like those guys in prison."

Teacher (to Arline Powers): "If you would spend as much energy on your history as you do on your gum, you might get something done."

A Sharp Humoresque

Some giggles staccato, a whisper sustained,
A crashing crescendo, a little boy blamed.
A quavering solo, a forte reply,
And Willie the culprit is ready to die.
Alone with his memories till quarter past four,
And poor Willie's spirits are vivace no more.

—Jane Anderson

Ken Erway: "For success, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."
Charles Holland: "For eating grapefruit you reverse the process, and that's what you do."

Jim Gamos (wandering around the school): "What are you doing?"
Workman: "Putting in an electric switch."
Jim Gamos: "Well, I don't care! I'm going to leave this school."

Don Campbell: "I'm a little stiff from tennis —see?"
Coach: "I don't care where you're from! Get out and play ball!"

Dave Fulmer: "Did I bring your lawn mower back last month?"
Alvin Hambly: "No, you did not!"
Dave Fulmer: "Now what'll I do? My hair needs mowing again?"

Teacher (in cafeteria): "Jeanette, when you wait on me again, don't spill anything."
Jeanette Jones: "Don't worry, ma'am. I never talk much."

Betty Jensen (catching sight of a bald-headed man): "Oh, Veronica, just see that man! He hasn't a hair on his head. Isn't that sad?"
Veronica Neal: "Hush! He may hear you."
Betty Jensen (in subdued tones): "Oh! doesn't he know it?"

Ruthelma Rowe (telephoning): "I don't think I'll go to school today, Peggy."
Peggy Hurt: "Why not?"
Ruthelma Rowe: "I don't feel well."
Peggy Hurt: "Where don't you feel well?"
Ruthelma Rowe: "Just in school."

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with the word 'gender' in it."
Kathryn Cotter: "The gender in our apartment never has it warm enough in winter."

Teacher: "Today I seek, Yesterday I—"
Jimmy Moulton: "Sook."

Tom Stanton (in ancient history class): "Henry the Fourth was the Holy Roman Empire."

Emerson Chapman: "I don't like that ghost story. Anyway how could a dead man get into a locked room?"
Clarence Brownlow: "He sure could with a skeleton key!"

Teacher: "Who discovered America?"
Leon Marsh: "Ohio."
Teacher: "Why, Columbus discovered America."
Leon Marsh: "Yeah, that was his first name."

Ken Terkildsen: "Gee, I was as famous as Napoleon today."
James Hoxie: "How come?"
Ken Terkildsen: "I went down in history."

Happy is the mosquito that can pass the screen test.

Teacher (in cooking class): "Why do you have grease all over your face?"
Barbara Watterson: "The recipe says to grease your pan thoroughly before cooling."

Phyllis Bliss (translating in German class): "Eulenspiegel mounted his chair and galloped away."

R. C. Tabb (watching Ed Gilman weigh himself on the drug-store scales): "Say, do you get all that for a penny?"

Teacher: "Chester, did you raise your hand for something?"
Chester Yamauchi: "You don't think I'm trying to hitch-hike do you?"

Annabelle Duthie: "Does Betty Brown talk much?"
Marilyn Gordon: "Does she? You ought to have seen how sunburned her tongue was when she came back from her vacation."

Teacher :"Why are you late this morning, Ed?"
Ed. McCreary: "I overslept."
Teacher: "What, you sleep at home as well?'

Helen Halloran: "Oh Teacher, I'm sure I just heard a mouse squeaking in the cloakroom!"
Teacher: "What do you expect me to do, go and oil it?"

Jack McCullough: "Hey, Rex, I've found a tack in this doughnut!"
Rex Anderson: "The ambitious little thing! It must think it is a tire."

Scott Graham: "Consider the advance of civilization. Eskimos at one time used to eat candles for dessert."
Dave Burg: "What do they eat now? Electric light bulbs?"

Bob Lamborn to Ed Howell enthusiastically: "Say, Ed, have you ever been slapped by a girl? Gee, it's a thrill."

Peter Wolff: "Oh, wonderful mammoth oak, if you could speak, what would you tell me?"
Dick Doyle: "Excuse me, Pete, but he would probably say, 'If you please, sir, I'm a California giant redwood'."

Jack Erro: "Well, the doctor has made me so well I'm on my feet again."
Teacher: "I see he's made you so well that you can run away from school for a few days now and then."

Officer: "No whistling in the quiet zone, please."
Bob Burns: "I can't help it. It's asthma."

Tom Gilsenan: "When was the 'Fall of Troy'?"
Charles Cieloha: "When the Golden Bears trounced them 20-6."

Pat Derr: "Do you remember the old saying, 'a friend in need is a friend indeed'?"
Frances Miles: "Yes, Stranger!"

Bud Minor ("Scoop" reporter): "But I beg of you! I've put my whole mind into this."
Irving Short: (editor): "And I tell you we're not using blank verse."

Erna Roth: "Did they take an X-ray picture of your jaw?"
Orva Blaine: "No, they could only get a moving picture."

Dick Seymour: "I can't remember the name of my car, but it starts with 'T'."
Ed Martin: "That's funny. Mine starts with gasoline."

Teacher: "Would the class like to play 'fishing'?"
Class: "What is it?"
Teacher: "It's a game. My Low Eights love to play it."
Beatrice Foster: "I thought there was a catch to it."

"Will You Remember," George Blevins?

Naylor Cole: "I don't think my neighbor likes to hear me practice on my drum."
Bob Collins: "Why?"
Naylor Cole: "He gave me a dandy knife for Christmas and asked me if I knew what was inside the drum."

Sit on the tack of success, and you're bound to rise.

Judge: "What's the charge against you?"
Bruce Gillespie: "Arson, your honor. Burning up the road."

Teacher: "Boy, I wish you wouldn't hum at your work."
Arthur Dunlop: "I wasn't working, teacher, only humming."

Mind Your "P's" and "Q's"

Impressions are first on the program,
  And these should be favorable, please.
A smile, you'll discover, does wonders
  In getting marks other than "C's."
Then always be ready and willing
  To give the poor teacher a "lift."
You'll find a few minutes might net you
  A fine alphabetical gift.
Another result-giving factor—
  Cooperate! Then you will find
This poem will serve you twice over
  If its contents you faithfully mind.